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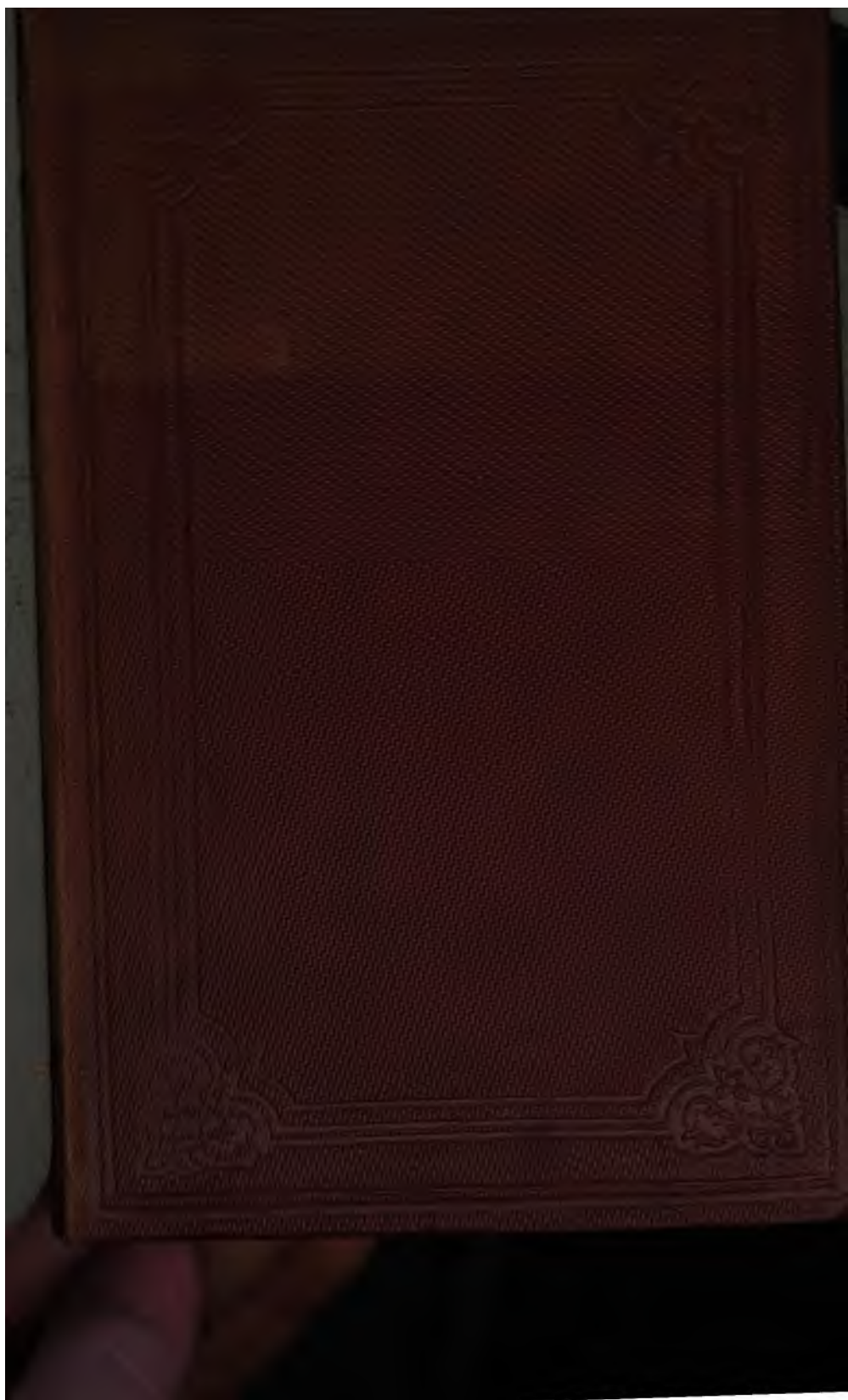
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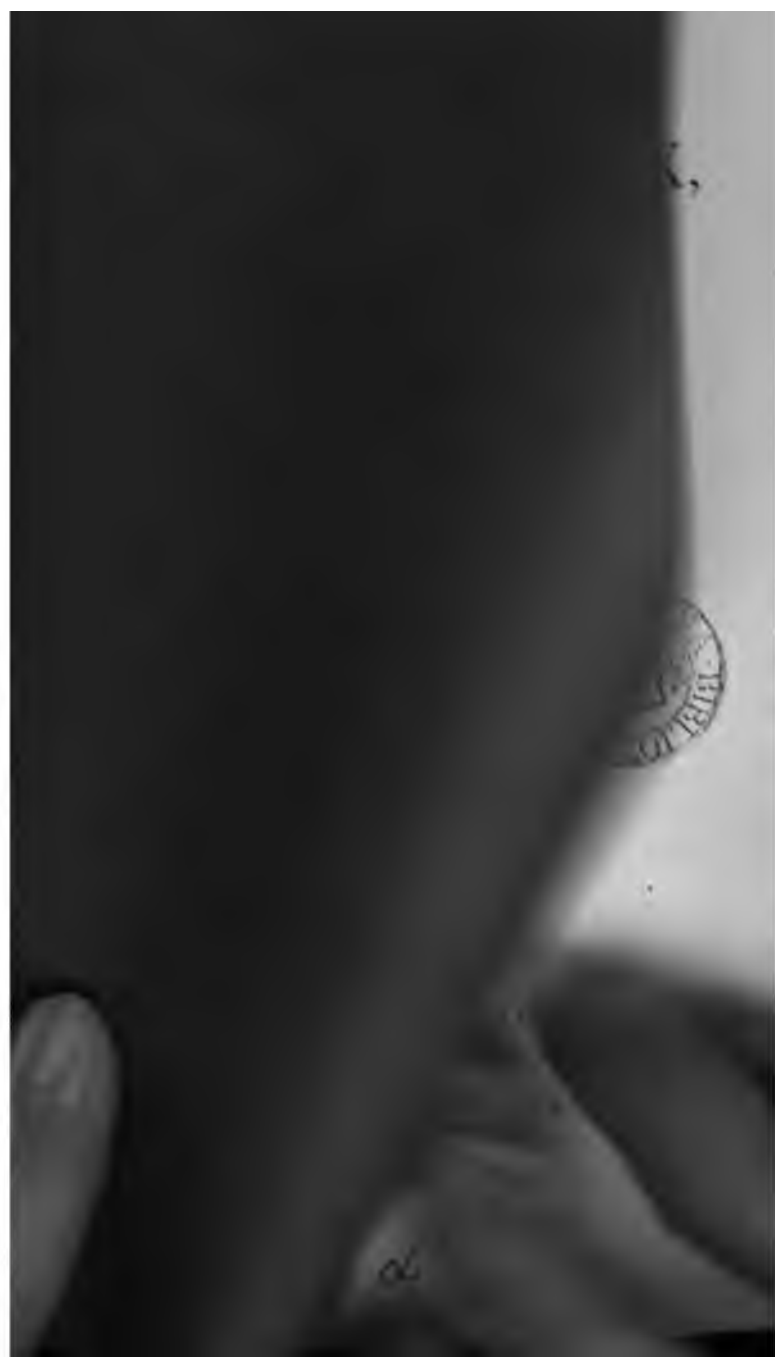
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## PREFACE.

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As a book of travelling adventure this little work is a sequel to "Servia, the Youngest Member of the European Family," but its politics are a sequel to the order of ideas developed in "The Goth and the Hun" and the "Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic." In short, I regard Austria and Turkey as the two local counterpoises to Russian ambition, and that the rest of the substitutes in vogue with various parties, such as Byzantine Empires, Debreczin Republics, German democracy of the Frankfort school, re-establishment of Poland by the efforts of the Polish emigration, etc., etc., to be bubble schemes, nay more pro-Russian, because they are anti-Turkish and anti-Austrian.

This is as clear as day light.

The battle of Navarino led to the Russian invasion of 1828-9. The aggravated weakness of Turkey after this struggle, allowed Mohammed-Ali to send his troops right through Syria and Asia Minor to Kiutahia. The treaty of Unkiar Skelessi was the offspring of this combination of events. The treaties of 1838 and 1844 made things all right, but the Hungarian revolt having paralyzed



Austria as a sentinel on the Lower Danube, and compelled her in spite of the utmost reluctance to seek assistance of her natural rival ; the door was again opened to Russian ambition on the Turkish frontier. We all know that the Ultra Magyar party did not mean to serve Russia. The blind mole that burrows its way through the levée of the Mississippi does not intend to submerge millions of acres.

Austria and Turkey, however differing from each other in degrees of civilization, are *realities*; while the others are airy projects. If these two Empires had not been built up by the slow hand of centuries, and if they had not tenaciously resisted the efforts to pull them asunder, it would then be high time to seek other combinations. It is true that Mr. Kossuth tells us that we are more in need of Hungary and of Poland than they of us, and that we may find ourselves excluded from the guarantee of Continental liberalism against Russian ambition! Considering that Mr. Kossuth is a Slaav by birth, nationality, and even name, (Deer) — that of the Slaavic nations *not one* is in the enjoyment of constitutional liberty; considering that of the Saxon nations and cognate Scandinavians all are *without a single exception* in the enjoyment of this form of government, we stand aghast at the brilliant imagination of this original genius.

The great contrast between the Saxon nations of the West and the Slaavic of the East is, that the former developing a third Estate have preserved their independence, although constituting like Belgium, Holland, Denmark, etc., mere handfulls of men; while the national independence

of the larger masses of population in Poland and that polyglot region called Hungary (but really more Slaavic than Hun) has succumbed because they were jobbed by oligarchical cliques with whom the bulk of the people had no sympathy. This was the case with Poland and eminently so with Hungary from 1828 to 1848.

What then are we to think of the unthinking multitude who continue to heap upon the most accurate and conscientious observers of the nature of nations the terms "Advocate of absolutism", "Agent of the Continental Despots," "Enemy of the liberties of Poland," etc., etc.? Lord Aberdeen seems to be the especial butt of these assailants, and in my humble opinion a more thoroughly British Minister than this statesman never sat in our Cabinet. As far as my reading has gone, none of the profound thinkers and eminent writers of the various classic periods of our literature from Bacon to Burke has ever been carried away with the idea that our glorious constitution could be exported to all parts of the continent like an assortment of slop sellers wares; and if his Lordship thinks that our efforts and sympathies are utterly thrown away on nations to whom nature appears to have refused the stubborn perseverance to conquer their liberties or the discriminating moderation to retain them, he only pays the nobler homage to our own peculiar national qualities.

We have neither the rapid intelligence and charming exposition of the Frenchman; nor the recondite astuteness of the Slaav; nor the high sense of beauty of the Italian; our painting is good, but not great; our sculpture and music are null; our architecture is, with rare exceptions,

abominable, but we have surely reared the grandest and most august political edifice that the world has as yet seen. Let us be content then to worship at the shrine of Britannia. To erect a similar temple has not been given to all the Gentiles. Variety of structure and division of labour is the law of God in all the material universe; why should it not be so in the organism of human society? If whole families of nations have from age to age, in consequence of some occult law of physiology, a uniform political development, the intelligence that refuses to acknowledge in this a Higher Will than that of mere soldiers, statesmen and agitators must indeed be "darkness visible".

But the equilibrium of the East of Europe concerns us directly both as a European and as an Oriental power.

On four occasions since the great settlement of religious differences by the treaty of Westphalia, the balance of power has been endangered : — by the Turks of the seventeenth century, — by Louis the Fourteenth, — by Napoleon the Ist — and now by the Russians. In the three struggles that preceded the treaties of Carlowitz, of Utrecht, and of Vienna, Austria fought the battles of Europe in fighting her own. I therefore congratulate my fellow countrymen on Austria by the treaty of December, remaining in consonance with her great and glorious antecedents; while at the head of the French nation is a Sovereign who, more truly great than Napoleon and Louis le Grand, seeks the glory of France by the drawn sword of European justice.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE DIPLOMATIC CRISIS BEFORE THE WAR.

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The storm did not burst on a sudden. Dark clouds and vivid gleams were a-windward all the summer and autumn (1853) of last year; and it was with curiosity wound up to the highest pitch, that I packed my wallet, and turned my face to Ollmutz, where the Emperors of Austria and Russia were to meet — ostensibly to enjoy the great military spectacle of nearly fifty thousand tried and exercised troops manœuvring on the plains of Moravia. It was on a Thursday morning in the end of September that I left Lille, and on the Saturday night I descended at the station of Ollmutz — so brief is now the period requisite to clear the wide space between one of the great hives of French industry, and the immediate vicinity of the frontiers of Hungary and Poland.

Next morning, in bright and cool September sunshine,

I proceeded to the camp which was three miles out of town, and recognised various regiments which I had seen at the close of the Hungarian war, bronzed and tattered with that gigantic struggle, but now all freshly refitted, and completely equipped, and organised to meet the buffets of a new blast, blow whence it might. Field mass was recited in the open air, the Emperors kneeling under a gorgeous canopy. The whole army was drawn up in a vast parallelogram, and the elevation of the host telegraphed to the most distant battalions. A long shrill blast of the trumpet sounded to horse, and the two Emperors with fourteen members of reigning houses, and a brilliant *cortège* of no less than sixty generals with their full decorations, pranced gently along the extended line, and then settling themselves at a convenient point — the whole army marched past — each general officer heading his own regiment and then riding in a curvet made his best bow and joined the staffs of the Emperors.

There was Paskievitch — a septuagenarian short and thickset — but with a firm seat on horseback; the cool clear-headed tactician of Erivan and Poland : then no doubt little dreaming that the skill of a Prussian Lieutenant and the fear of being inclosed by a French, a British and an Austrian army would a few months hence make him turn his back on Silistria.

The military spectacle was certainly splendid — the troops were all in Sunday parade order, and as the thrilling tones of one band died away, another came on, heading a corps of different arms, costume and achievements, with the tattered flag fluttering in the breeze, and recalling the days of Leipzig and Temeswar.

Ollmutz, the key of upper Moravia, is a very strong

fortress. Within the walls the architecture is not elegant, but solid and substantial — apparently of the age of Charles VI. The archiepiscopal palace situated on an eminence, with luxuriant garden ground at its base, overlooks the wide expansive plain. Here the present vigorous and intelligent young Monarch of Austria received the imperial sceptre from the feeble hands of his uncle Ferdinand, and here he now resided with Nicholas as his guest. On an eminence near Ollmutz, is a large detached fortress, the Tafelberg, which is the key of the place, being, as the name denotes, a hill plateau. Every resource of modern art has been put in requisition to make this a secure stronghold. Farther away, on this great military occasion, the mimic lines of attack and defence were thrown up for the spectacle. Guns and sandbags stood on the ramparts, — and parallels were furnished with sappers, miners, and all the paraphernalia of destruction, as suggested by the most recent discoveries in physical science. Under a platform firmly roofed over with timber to resist the heaviest wreck or fragment of an explosion, stood the two Emperors with their staffs, and at a signal given the siege commenced. The cannon roared, the assailants scaled the rampart — the garrison repelled, the electric fluid was applied to the art of destruction; the great mine exploded; the heavy cannon flying up in the air, with hundreds of tons of earth which, seen against the vivid flames that flashed over all the breadth and height of the perpendicular, appeared for a brief instant like the diverging black figures on a yellow fan. Suddenly a hail of clods, some a ton weight, fell around us, and shook to its foundations the massive timber palladium under which we stood, — and at some distance outside killed a soldier dead on the spot, — so difficult is it with the best



precautions to avoid accident when mimic warfare is attempted on the grand scale.

The martial figure of the Emperor of Russia was prominent in these and subsequent scenes, while the political crisis added to the interest of the conjuncture. The ill judged attempt to wrest from the House of Hapsburg the military possession of Hungary which she had held for nearly two centuries by virtue of the treaties of Carlovitz and Passarowitz, had had for its result — what had been clearly foreseen by all persons who had studied Hungary from the English point of view — an extraordinary developement of Russian ambition on the Lower Danube, — or, to use a home phrase, Austria's difficulty was Russia's opportunity, and that cordial understanding between Great Britain and our ancient ally Austria, which is the true check on Russia, had been studiously broken down to the benefit of the Colossus of the north, by the extreme fanatics of London and Vienna. Every effort of studious exasperating malice had been resorted to by the democrats of England to rivet Austria's exclusive intimacy with, and dependence on Russia. In London the strong case of the ancient nations of Hungary against their Ultra Magyar oppressors was studiously kept in the back ground, while in Vienna every effort was made to induce the Austrians to believe that England was her enemy, and to hide from her the fact that the approvers of Mr Kossuth are a clique that cannot muster 5 p. cent of our united Legislature, which comprises above a thousand persons the most eminent in this great realm for property and intelligence.

Nor was the Emperor of Russia behind hand in seconding this notable project of our British democrats. The superior military hierarchy of Austria had been covered with the

orders, and had been the objects of the flatteries of a Prince who can match Louis XIV in imposing dignity and refined courtesy. Here, at Ollmutz, he had marched with a veteran battalion as one of themselves, and in the military spectacles a well timed word of flattery was never a wanting to the leading Generals of the Austrian army. He was accompanied to Ollmutz by his Chancellor, Count Nesselrode; a statesman of small physical stature, but whose eyes sparkled with intelligence and whose conversation has all that point and perspicuity, and even that unconscious elegance of form for which the most eminent diplomatic men are remarkable. And from what I heard from other parties I am convinced that the recent aggressive policy of Russia was entered on in direct opposition to those able counsels which his experience enabled him to give. There can be no doubt that the Emperor Nicholas never anticipated the general collapse of the peace of Europe which has since taken place — not even a great war of aggression upon Turkey; all he had in his head was a bullying message and another diplomatic concession to dovetail his hold of the unfortunate Ottoman Empire; and a personage who has been for many years on terms of intimacy with the Emperor Nicholas said to me : “ *L'Empereur a des vellétés pour une conquête de la Turquie, mais non pas la volonté.* ” And I am assured by another person, now occupying one of the most important diplomatic posts in Europe, that Prince Menschikoff had positive instructions not to put his ultimatum unless he was sure of its being accepted. The way in which he had knocked over Fuad Effendi and carried all before him induced him to put the ultimatum, and thus the Emperor was committed.

Unbending pride, not the ambition that dares all

Europe, was the rock on which Nicholas split. Evacuation (at that time the basis sine qua non of all arrangement) involved the fall of the Russian prestige in Turkey, which had been so carefully built up for so many years : a severe, but merited penalty, and it is the want of moral courage to incur this minor penalty that has involved him in the larger one of war with the first powers of Europe—the issue of which may curtail possessions in which no power wished to disturb him ; and some of the sayings of those busy days are not unworthy to be recorded : “ *Qui, de nos jours, veut jouer le Louis XIV, finira comme Louis XIV.* ” There can be no doubt that at Ollmutz the Emperor of Russia deeply regretted the step he had taken ; but he wished to do what is given to no mortal to perform with success—to back brilliantly out of a most ugly scrape. Once on the slippery inclined plane, he had neither the pliability to regain his footing on all fours, nor the power to do so with head erect. Hence a fall from a great position which nothing but extraordinary skill and good fortune on the part of Russia, or extraordinary disunion and disasters of the allies, can possibly retrieve.

In a railway train filled with white-coated officers I proceeded from Ollmutz to Vienna. Many of the soldiers and statesmen having gone thither, after the break up in Moravia ; others having proceeded to Warsaw in order to see some large autumnal reviews of the army of Poland.

Arrived at Vienna I spent a day with Prince and Princess Metternich at their villa of the Rennweg ; their apartments opening on delightful lawns and gardens all within the barriers of Vienna. I had seen them under various changes — I had known them in the plenitude of their splendour, when no private individual in Europe wielded

the power of Prince Metternich, for poor Kaiser Ferdinand had no will of his own. Subsequently I had seen them in the exile of Richmond and Brussels — and now again, returned to Vienna, where the Prince, without seeking power, exercised a considerable influence in public affairs, — so that after all a true lion takes a great deal of killing. The fine old man received me with the patriarchal kindness of a statesman of large views towards young men of all schools, however liberal, provided the result be the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Prince Metternich has a great admiration of the solid and substantial liberty of England and a total mistrust of the flashy and brittle liberalism of some parts of the continent of Europe. The cast of his mind is essentially *doctrinaire*. He has fixed principles in morals, in politics, in political geography and in international law from which no personal relations make him deviate an iota. When Buonaparte had won the daughter of the Cæsars and the days of the oppression of Europe had succeeded to those of his youthful glory, Metternich at once gave his voice for the war of liberation. He always cultivated cordial relations with Great Britain, and he has been the firm friend of the Ottoman Empire in the gloomiest moments of her modern destinies — even when France and Britain pointed their cannon against their own interests at Navarino. In this last great question no man estimates more highly the services that in the affair of Hungary the Emperor Nicholas rendered to the eternal principle of Right, as defined generally by international jurisprudence and specially by treaties — but no man holds more truly that Austria cannot requite a legal service by a toleration of the widest aberration from legality that the present race has seen. Prince Metternich being more than octogenarian, his utterance and motions are slow

but his health good and his thoughts clear. The intelligence and courtesy of the Princess were invaluable adjuncts; — unfortunately a change in her constitution was too visible not to be remarked. She has since descended to the tomb, and if any thing can console her husband it is the affection of the numerous descendants and relatives who on that day surrounded the cheerful festive board.

I had great pleasure in Vienna in renewing acquaintance with our accomplished Ambassador Lord Westmoreland. The British Embassy, built by the wealthiest prince of the House of Cobourg, overlooks the finest part of the glacis. From a classic portico the eye ranges over the woods below to the distant gold tinted hills that terminate in the Danube : its real charm is that it is a temple of all the Muses. Within, apartments of palatial altitude and splendour are adorned with the oil paintings of Lady Westmorland, the favorite niece of the Duke of Wellington ; some of which represent the most striking episodes of his memorable career, which are perfectly wonderful for a female amateur. — Nor has the sense of the beautiful failed to descend to the younger generation, and not the less welcome that it is in a varied form : for Mr. Julian Fane is one of the most promising of our younger poets. In Music, sweetest of the Nine, Lord Westmorland himself has not only gone beyond every other amateur in England, but has even a considerable reputation among professional composers.

But irreproachable in every relation of public and private life, this diplomatist is certainly not popular with the unthinking multitude at home, and even his accomplishments have been turned into ridicule as indicative of a frivolous mind. This is the most thick-skulled vandalism that ever was said or penned. Lord Westmorland is an

off-hand British soldier, and surely it is better to amuse a leisure hour with the arts, than with the gambling, the drinking and other coarse vices of the age of the Regency which were in vogue in his younger days. And if the rattle of the bones be one of the pleasant foibles of humanity, surely better those of the piano-forte than of bouillotte. — Lord Westmorland has not a voluble facility and precision of expression, but as acquaintance rolls on it is easy to see that his mind goes straight to the quintessence of a question, which is the most valuable faculty a diplomatist can have. The head and front of his offending is that he has succeeded in performing the first of his duties under circumstances of great difficulty — that of cultivating the most cordial relations with the court to which he has been accredited. In politics as well as in music, Lord Westmorland is a counterpointist. The Anglo Saxon character is essentially the most steady and conservative under the sun, and therefore the principal Saxon nations enjoy a large amount of practical liberty; but were the Ambassador of Great Britain — the chief of those nations — to sink to be the Agent or Advocate of the liberalism of the inconstant and explosive races, he would perpetrate the most screeching discord in ethnical history.

The position of Lord Westmorland during all this crisis was certainly an anxious one; for the situation of Austria herself was replete with difficulties. Entirely disapproving of the Russian policy, and using every argument to persuade the Emperor of Russia to an honest retrocession, the chivalric feelings of Francis Joseph to a sovereign who had rendered him an indisputable service, recoiled from those prompt methods with which France and England, free from the incumbrance of gratitude, wished to deal with the inva-

der of the sacred rights of nations, although Russia had herself completely expunged her claims on Austria by her grasp at the artery of the Danube, without the freedom of which the latter Empire is without life and without hope. But duty prevailed over inclination with Francis Joseph; and his views have been carried out by Count Buol — a statesman of ability brought up in the school of Metternich — who in various, long and interesting conversations produced on my mind the impression of his being a downright honest man. Cautious prudence and dignified firmness when encompassed with embarrassments characterize the present Austrian Minister.

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## CHAPTER II.

### STEAM VOYAGE TO BELGRADE AND THE IRON GATES.

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My recent work, "The Goth and the Hun," being devoted to a description of the condition of the various nations of Hungary since the civil war from the British point of view — that is to say — with exclusive reference to the policy of Russia, it is not necessary that I should say anything of my passage through that interesting country: but it may well be believed that curiosity was awake in countries which I had visited so often and studied during so many years. And it was with a throb of sympathy and enthusiasm that I once more descried in the distance the slender minaret

surmounting the rock of Belgrade, as the steamer rapidly shot past the base of the thickly wooded Frusca Gora — a land endeared to me by many ties personal and political — with great historical associations,— and yet the interest of the future overshadowing the past; a land old in aspect — but young in moral nature. In its interior vast woods, and picturesque mountains, castles and convents dating from the middle ages — patriarchal manners and antique costumes; but in Belgrade the infantine hands of the Youngest Member of the European family stretched out to embrace as far as practicable the civilisation of Europe.

Small steamers now ply between the Germanised Semlin and Belgrade on the other side of the water. In my work on Servia I have already shewn the mixture of European and Oriental manners in this interesting Principality, and the inn to which I proceeded in Belgrade was something of the same sort — a cross breed between a Greek khan and a German Gasthaus. No dapper waiter alert at ring of bell, nor any of the hundred minor comforts and conveniences of a well conducted inn — but, in spite of its long conventual passages and asthmatic stair cases, the rooms were habitable, and the fare was eatable; all the more so that the roughing of my journey was about to commence.

I found the British, Austrian and French consuls in a considerable state of activity, the electric telegraph from Semlin to Vienna keeping them on the alert. Mr. Fonblanque and M. de Segur (the accomplished founder of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*) had been bringing about the departure of a gentleman whom Russia wished to remain as her agent during the war.

Counsellor Moukhine arrived without an exequatur from the Porte, and with a simple letter of introduction to the



prince from Count Nesselrode. But the Pacha of Belgrade, supported by the agents of France and England, issued a peremptory order for his withdrawal. To this the Servian government added its instances, and Mr. Moukhine, although anxious to settle in the purely Servian quarter of the town and out of the civil jurisdiction of the Pacha, was compelled to leave. This was a great blow to the Russian prestige in Servia which sprang not from attachment, but from a conviction that she was a prepotent and rising power, and that whatever might happen she was sure to be the winner in the long run.

The Servian is neither Russian, nor Austrian nor Turkish. He is Servian to the core and his sympathies are with the developement of his race. There is nothing that would so shock the Servian as that his country should become a province of Russia; and if ever Austria should be so foolish as to seek to regain her possessions in Servia (of which I am bound to say there are no appearances) the population of this principality would, along with that of Sclavonia, become a new Lombardy for her.

Nor is it to be disguised that a fear of these two powers, rather than a cordial attachment to the Porte, is the chief bond of her union with Constantinople. This the philosophic Turks understand very well. It is a "*mariage de convenance*" in which the Grand Turk is a very easy going lord and master fulfilling the prescriptions of the law, but neither proffering nor asking a cordial attachment. The other party has also her fixed *arrière-pensée*, however scrupulously she may act up to the letter of her legal liens. To be brief, the whole of the population from the highest to the lowest is anxious that the fortresses of Belgrade, Semendria, Schabatz, Sokol Orsova, and Ushitza, should

receive Servian vice Turkish garrisons — but it is only justice to say that no step has been taken to accomplish this object, and the Prince, popular with the Servians, has successfully held in check the Russian party, which although a minority, is certainly well organised; while the Sultan in his turn scrupulously respects the privileges of municipal government conceded to a people once presumed rebellious.

The thick fogs of November which detained the steamer some days at Semlin having somewhat diminished, we at length started for Orsova. But even the massive towers of Belgrade flitted dimly on our passage where an anxious look out was kept a head, as the vessel swept down with the rapid current—along the southern shore of the Banat which is the richest province of Hungary.

A century and a half ago this noble province was covered with pestilential morasses, which made mortal havock in the Turkish armies in those days when Temeswar bristled with minarets and the wild Tartars of the Crimea followed the Sanjak of the house of Gherai. After the victories of Eugene down fell the minarets of Temeswar and up rose the architecture of the age of Charles VI. The peruke, the cocked hat and the shaven chin took the place of the turban, the bald pate and the bushy beard. The brilliant administration of Count Andrew Hamilton introduced German Colonization and German civilization to those lands that had been abandoned to Turkish rapacity and Daco Roman indolence. The Bega canal completed the commercial communication with the capital, and the Cornucopian harvests of the Banat, instead of going down the Danube to be shipped for the turbulent Janissaries of the Golden horn, went down the Bega and up the Danube to the Austrian capital.

If this Oriental crisis were at an end, a great accession of material prosperity is unavoidable. The Railway traversing Hungary already open to Szegedin — is now stretching itself across the richest part of the Banat towards Temeswar and Orsova, in the vicinity of which latter place are abundant and excellent coal mines. In a quarter of a century, Steam and German civilization will entirely alter the aspect of these still semi-barbarous regions.

Through the quarantine of Orsova I now attempted to open up a negotiation with the villagers on the other side for horses to convey me to Widdin; but either from an indisposition to cross into Turkey proper, which was now in a state of war, or from scarcity of conveyance in consequence of the demand for horses since the cessation of the steamers running below Orsova, I saw that it would be a tedious business—and, impatient to push on, I was fain to accept a passage in a rowing boat to the first place down the river. It was a dark sour day in November—the bare lofty rocky ridges that topple over the Iron Gates being but half visible from the showers of cold unfriendly sleet that swept through the monster portal as the Danube now swollen with rains rushed downward towards the rapids of this dangerous passage. A low dull rolling murmur denoted our approach to the rapids and warned the boatmen to keep a sharp look out. An interesting quarter of an hour followed, and the steersman pointing to a sheet of seething foam remarked that the last of those huge boulders that block up the river's course was now astern. The landscape opened, and I now, having passed the Iron Gates, found myself in the great lower basin of the Danube, the plains of Wallachia on my left; and on my right the ridges stretching Southward to join the great Balkan Chain that en-

dorses Bulgaria and never stops until it abruptly terminates in the precipices of the Euxine. Pyrenees, Alps, Balkan, Caucasus—all nearly in a line and probably once one before a great rupture invited the waters of the Atlantic to join those which were drained through the Euxine from the steppes of Scythia.

Servia was on our right — a sort of moral shore of Christendom — but still dotted with vestiges of the inundation of Islamism. The massive walls of Fethislam remind the traveller by its name of the conquests of Amurath and still contain one of those little Turkish military colonies that linger undesiccated on soil now more Christian than Moslem. With what pleasure, having alighted at the Servian khan, I received the invitation of the Patriarchal white headed Governor to take up my quarters within the walls of the fortress! The regret of leaving home was forgotten for an hour; I felt like a school boy taken to the play again — in short a fresh set of scenes and sensations were conjured up anew — I once more turned over another page of the book of life. At Belgrade I felt still in Europe — but the draw-bridge of Fethislam was to me on this occasion the frontier of the East and the West; and I was again amongst those picturesque Huns, those pleasant semi-barbarians with their strong prejudices, but kind, simple hearts. I enjoyed every thing about me—the quaint slang of Turkish familiar life — the open airy Csardak with its projecting rocking rafters overlooking the interior of the old battered fortress — the stranger's apartment with its snug Divan — its well worn carpet — and its utensils denoting a different way of doing every thing from what one sees in Franghistan. — The servants who brought my chibouque, not silent, finely dressed crouching slaves — but somewhat garrulous and

rural — the deep reverberation of the sunset gun — and the solemn voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer bringing back a world of recollections of brighter skies and more glowing sunsets — of strange and pleasant hours on the Nile, the Orontes — the Red sea and the Mediterranean — on the sands of the desert and amid the groves of the orange, the palm and the sycamore.

But in the hours of sleep and darkness the long melancholy cry of the sentinels from post to post and from rampart to rampart troubling the drowsy echoes of the night, reminded the awakened sleeper that he was on no holiday excursion, but the student of the gravest military and political crisis since the memorable 15! Those dearest and most cherished were far away — before him were long and even perilous journeys in the wintry blast; in frost and snow — in countries without roads; across rivers without bridges — and in addition to immediate realities, vague shadows of blood, famine and pestilence — those constant followers in the train of grim-visaged war — flitted spectrally before him — subsequently partially realised by sufferings on the brink of the grave; by long and weary weeks of acute pain with mental and physical prostration, and an escape as by a miracle from a Bulgarian grave!

Ali Bey was a fine old fellow who had fought his way to this position through the hard contests of the Servian revolt and war of independence. It was with a pride which I could scarcely reprove that he deliberately took off his coat and shewed me the scars of bullets extracted and sabre slashes cicatrized. — Poor fellow! I do not think that his scientific attainments were very profound or his political knowledge very extensive. He assured me from private and reliable sources of information that the fall of Louis-

Philippe had been brought about by the money of Mohammed-Ali! — rather an unhandsome requital for the unavailing efforts of that amiable but unfortunate sovereign to raise him to the head of an Arab Empire. — Be this as it may, Ali-Bey was a resolute old watchdog whose bite, I have no doubt, corresponded with his bark. He swore that he would not be satisfied unless the Turks got back Bender and Akerman; and two hours before daylight he made the round of the posts to see that all was right in howling wind and deluging rain. “I am on very good terms,” said he, “with my Servian neighbours, and I think it the best way to keep all discussions at a distance from these walls, by keeping my powder dry and my guns and artillerymen all ready.” The fact is that as the Servian Government had just erected a cannon foundry at Kraguyivatz, and as it was not clear whether the Russian party in Servia could get up a demonstration in favor of that power all the Turkish garrisons in Servia were more than usually on the alert.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### WIDDIN.

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It was no easy matter to get across the Timok to the terra firma of Widdin; my own carriage had first to be got on board a ferry boat and then disembarked on a muddy

delta — put across another arm, and then hoisted up another slope at an angle of 45 degrees with mud to the knees and the axles, and what was worse, the traveller without metaphor and in good earnest had to put his shoulder to the wheel — altogether the three dirtiest and hardest hours work that I ever remember; nor was I in a situation to complain when I heard from the lips of a subsequent traveller much more of a *petit-maitre bien cambré* than myself, that the same ugly job had taken him and his coachman five hours by the watch! I had here on my very entrance into Turkey proper a specimen of the deeply seated idea that even the common Turks have of their mastery and superiority. My driver, rather ashamed of this scanty facility for communication, or with an eye to his own ease as a Jehu, remarked that “ a day or two’s work of a few Ghiours could accomplish a practicable route. ”

“ And dont you think a bridge would be a convenient addition?” said I vainly attempting to remove the mud from my habiliments.

“ Ah! you are right, ” said he. “ I never thought of that. ”

We now approached Widdin by a rough paved road and over some solid bridges in the immediate vicinity of the town, and saw evident signs of preparation for contingencies. The sand bags and mud baskets being all in fresh order, although the ramparts were old. Our passports and Turkish Teskerch being in order, we experienced no difficulty at the cordon and the gates. There is no suburban preparation for Widdin, and during several hours’ journey we saw only one village, but the moment we passed the drawbridge we found ourselves amidst the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war, the roll of the distant drum, and the move-

ments of troops, for above 50,000 men were now concentrated between Widdin and Kalafat.

At length I was deposited at the German Gasthaus, the only Frank inn in Widdin, close to the Quay where the Austrian boats lay to; but the office was shut, the traffic stopped, and the whole neighbouring bazaar turned into a granary to supply the garrison with corn during the winter. My room was tolerable and I had for fellow guests European surgeons of the Turkish army, who informed me that by their experience the Turkish soldiery were men of good constitution and robust body, the corps of officers and not the privates being addicted to wines and intoxicating liquors.

A bath and a passable dinner having comforted the outer and the inner man, I sallied forth into the streets, which were those of the Bulgarian town; the houses mostly of one story and built of wood, with a wattling enclosure, each being as it were a small farm yard with a mixture of trees. A glacis separates the Bulgarian town from the Turkish town or citadel, in which is situated the Seraglio of the Pacha, the principal mosques, and a population exclusively Moslem. It is much better built than the Varos or outer Christian town, and although having a miserable air to a European, seems a paradise after the Wallack towns and village khans I had to put up with during my weary four days' journey from Orsova to Widdin. Along the high street or line of baraars I saw the shops and cafés filled with a fanatical and enthusiastic soldiery, the irregulars in their magnificent old Turkish costume, the tall broad shouldered fair complexioned Bosniak from his land of hills and heroes, the vivacious but somewhat cut-throat-looking Albanian, glib in speech, and armed with four pistols often too ready



to suit the action to the word, the dull, heavy, slow moving Anatolian Turk, talking loud and deep, all fellows who know very little of manual and platoon exercise, but who will work a gun or stand in a trench without flinching; such tough material as the defenders of Arab-Tabia were made of.

The names Vida and Sofia are all that remain of the sister qucens and capitals of the long entombed Bulgarian independance, but the Moslem Widdin is still pregnant with memorials of the bloody struggles which so oft have darkened the waves of the Danube with the blood of the brave. The arsenal still shows the drums of Canso-el-Ghouri, the last of the Mameluke Sultans, that Selim sent across the Balkan after his conquest of the realms of Saladin. Here too are those large unwieldy halberts of the German kaiser's Lanzknechts, of those times when the ancestors of the present Magnates of Transylvania sued for vassalage at the then truly Sublime Porte, those old and by-gone times when the horse tails stood erect from the green hills of Styria to the yellow shores of Yemen. The Seraglio itself is the record of a fall on evil tongues and evil days when the spirit of restive Feudalism, extinct in Europe, brought rebellion and disorder into the once firmly centralised power of the Ottoman Porte. Within these walls the renegade Pasvan Oglou successfully defied his Sultan, and here too lived in brilliant exile and hoary caducity Hussein, the once truculent destroyer of the Janissaries.

It was in the very room where many years ago Mr. Petro-nievitch, Minister of the Principality of Servia (then exiled at the instance of Russia), introduced me to this same Hussein Pasha, that on the afternoon of my arrival I paid my respects to Sami Pasha, an acquaintance of some years

standing, and experienced a most kind reception from him. Taking it for granted that I could be nobody's guest but his, he at once ordered his Cavasses to remove my baggage from the Inn and give me a suite of apartments, in the now untenanted harem. What I had hitherto seen of Widdin was tumble-down deal houses, straggling ladders instead of staircases; streets with an indescribable pavement, ankle-deep in mud, — above, projecting edifices not like those of our Northern Teutonic construction, made to endure for ever — but as if the first breeze would send the whole ricketty barrack and its irregular lines of tiles into the Danube. But entering the Seraglio of old Pasvan Oglou, the unsuccessful Mohammed Ali of the Danube, I was shewn into a splendid suite of apartments by the politest of Odah Bashis speaking Turkish with an elegant Constantinople accent; in which I saw around me profuse ornaments divans and draperies — Bagdad carpets and shining brazen Mangals of artistic construction — servants to attend to my wants — followed by the entrance of the pitch black *Kilargi Bashi* or Steward, ordering the subordinates to supply me with tea, coffee, pipe, or nargile, when I wanted it — however I confined myself to a single room with a French bedstead, opening on an airy court yard bounded by a wall loop-holed for musquetry which intervened between the Seraglio and the waters of the Danube.

The domestic routine of a large Turkish house may be described in a few words. — At the earliest peep of dawn the Aivas or char-man enters with the glowing mangal or charcoal brazier ignited an hour before, and with a flickering blue flame ascending from the glowing crimson, for smoke or black charcoal are strictly forbidden by comfort, custom, and health, a severe headache to the inmate of the

## CHAPTER IV.

### KALAFAT.

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Having received permission to go to Kalafat, I proceeded thither on one of those bright golden days that one so prizes in the fall of the year. Opposite Widdin one saw a long low island covered with shrubs and trees, and geographically forming part of Wallachia — and between them a constant coming and going of large barges and masted vessels—laden with piles of bread and sheep carcasses for the large agglomeration of troops over the water. — Above this island Kalafat with its white houses rising on a hill is situated not exactly opposite Widdin, but farther up the river. Two Jews from Lemberg, who both spoke Turkish, were also passengers in the large barge in which I crossed under the auspices of Sami Pasha's Cavass Bashi, and were plaintiffs to the commander of Kalafat against two Turkish officers whom they accused of fraud and collusion, an old watch left to repair having been got away by a Turkish subaltern on the pretext that he had been sent for it — after which the original officer made his appearance and, disclaiming having given any commission, insisted on a new cylinder watch being given him.

Kalafat is one of those straggling places in Wallachia

part farm-houses, part mercantile offices and shops, part residences of the small proprietors of the environs. Compared with Widdin it has a new well white-washed look, indicative of the sudden developement of prosperity in Wallachia that immediately followed the cessation of the obligation to send corn to Constantinople as the unique market of the principalities. The abolition of our own corn laws gave a great impetus to prosperity in Wallachia, and the intelligent Wallack looks on sir Robert Peel as the first in the list of his benefactors. Ascending the hill, we walked half a mile among houses and then came upon a clear open space, bounded at some distance to the right and the left by the vast entrenchments which have made Kalafat one of the most remarkable fortified camps of modern times, while every rising ground within the lines was covered with groups of green tents and soldiery actively engaged in all directions completing the circumvallations, forts and winter-quarters.

I first proceeded to the tent of Achmet Pasha, which I found considerably sunk in the ground so as to exclude the cold as far as possible, for frost and partial snow covered the ground. Some Bagdad carpets spread upon a mat and surrounded by cushions acted as a divan by day and a bed by night, while four large bricks served as a mangal, the live charcoal of which gave out heat sufficient for a small tent. The Pasha and his officers all wore richly furred surtouts and paletots of the warm curly black sheepskin of Armenia and Persia. In short everything around shewed how easily and naturally the Turks take to tents and live in them. Come of nomade hordes, even the Turks of to day are with all the planing and veneering of Franghistan clearly and evidently chips of the old block.— I had of course

previously made the acquaintance of both Ismael Pasha and Achmet Pasha in the Seraglio over the water. The latter a regularly bred military engineer had attended during seven years the classes in Vienna at which his craft are taught, and consequently spoke German fluently and correctly; in person he is tall and portly, approaching to corpulency with a Roman nose and regular features.

“What news can you give me Achmet Pasha?” said I.

“Nothing very particular as yet. The Russians seem disinclined to leave Crayova and pay us a visit here in this very cold weather,” said Achmet Pasha, laying down his diamond mounted pipe and rubbing his hands and holding them for a moment over the glowing bricks. “and I hope that by the time that they come here, we will be all ready for them. But the Cossacks swarm like wasps all around us, and keep our Bashi Bozouks on the alert—not for our own sakes—for they dare not come hand to hand with us but for the sake of the poor miserable villagers in the rayon of this place. It is not surprising that the Wallachian subjects of the Sultan should be ready to supply the Sultan’s troops with the requisite provisions and forage. That the Russians should squeeze the villages within the *enceinte* covered by their own troops I find very natural; but that they should kidnap as hostages the old men of the villages around this place is really too bad, and a very pretty specimen of the Russian protectorate of Wallachia.”

“I have come, Achmet Pasha, to ask permission to see the fortifications you are erecting. The question is a delicate one under present circumstances; you may therefore shew me as much or as little as you choose, and having some experience in military customs I shall not feel in the least offended if you give me a flat refusal.”

The fact is that notwithstanding all the politeness of the Turks, and my personal acquaintance with Sami Pasha — to say nothing of strong diplomatic and official recommendations, — I had some doubts of being permitted to see the place in this early stage — when the circumvallations were traced out, but only partially completed, — for up to the day of my visit all civilian visitors from curiosity had been carefully excluded, and all applications met with a negative. I therefore thought this the best way to take the bull by the horns.

“Well, well”, said Achmet Pasha — laughing, “as I am pretty sure that you are not a Russian agent we will let you see every thing; and I will give you a sharp lad who will give you the explanations that you want. You will mount a good horse and you have a fine winter-day for your perambulation. — Send me Mehemet Ali here”, continued he — turning to the Cavasses who stood at the tent door.

On this — coffee was brought in from the neighbouring tent kitchen, and while the Adjudant of the engineer was sought out we relished a cup of very good Mocha. And Achmet Pasha, reverting to the seven years he had passed in Vienna and its neighbourhood, gave me some of his European reminiscences. Mars is worshipped in Vienna, but Apollo and various other male and female relatives of that deity are not neglected.

Mehemet Ali I found to be a smart young Prussian who, like so many others since the revival of the Ottoman Empire, have embraced Islamism, and adopted a Moslem name. Speaking and writing Turkish fluently and having besides gone through various artillery and engineering studies, — he was one of those active young men who, with an intelligence open to the science of Europe, have identified their

fortunes with the no longer waning crescent; a class who, in the aggregate, form a body of Condottieri by no means inefficient as an element in that revival of the military power of the Ottomans which has interposed such unexpected obstacles to a repetition of the Russian game of 1828.

We now mounted and proceeded to visit those lines which had risen as it were by magic, forming a large *tête de pont*, from which a Turkish army could debouch into Wallachia, but, on the other hand, having the disadvantage of being a fixed advanced post which locked up a large number of men, and which could have been at any time turned, had the Russians dared to throw themselves upon the populations of Servia and Upper Bulgaria: in fact, there can be no doubt that with a well organised party in Servia — with Montenegro ready to move, and with a large disaffected population in Upper Bulgaria, a simultaneous movement of these elements would have been a serious shock to Turkey in Europe. But this the determined attitude of Austria on her military frontier has effectually prevented.

On the side of the Danube, that is to the north-west, the fortified camp rests on high mud acclivities which no enemy could storm, and a road along the shore of the Danube has been stopped by a deep trench well commanded from above. On the north-east in the direction of Crayova the ground is comparatively level, and there are no great territorial advantages to the Turk without works; therefore a high angular fort, with a heavy battery, sweeps across the Crayova approach. To the south an inconvenient object arrested attention: a considerable hill, too far detached from the body of the position to be enclosed, and too near not to afford a considerable resource to an attacking

army. This eminence was therefore turned into a detached fort, and the parapet of the fortified camp opposite it raised artificially so high as even to neutralise the fire of the hill fort if captured. Even within the lines on eminences were several cavaliers ; citadels within this vast circumvallation.

But works so extensive could not be covered except by a very large force, for which Kalafat offers no accommodation. Tents were out of the question in winter, and recourse was had to an expedient at once economical and effectual to supply their place. A parallelogram equivalent to the size of a barrack was dug out of the earth and here in was constructed an apartment of logs, like a house sunk in the earth to the caves, not only the floor but the walls being of earth, and the ridged roof springing from the ground considerably beyond the perpendicular beams so as to keep the damp from the earthen walls. Light and ventilation were secured by ample garret and gable windows. Fires were burning to consume the earthy odour and dry the walls, against which mats acted as an arras. In those I visited brick Mangals were at proper distances ; a space was kept clear in the centre for locomotion ; next the wall were the soldiers' carpets and kits ; around the perpendicular beams were the muskets, piled in order, and kept bright, and at the end of the apartment were the drums. All those semi-subterranean barracks were in the vicinity of the forts and bastions, so that when the signal was given the artilleryman was at his forts, the infantry at the breastworks, and the cavalry waiting the decisive moment to clear the debouches and take the assailant in flank.

The last large body of troops that I had seen in campaign



having been a Russian corps d'armée blockading Comorn, it was not without interest that, on my re-entrance into Turkey, I again examined the troops of this valiant but not scientific nation. In dress and equipment the Turkish soldier is very inferior to the European. Taken from the heart of Asia Minor or Roumelia where he is easy and graceful in his turban and shalwar, he does not know how to wear habiliments so strange to him, and all those minor points of neatness and *tournure* which eke out the smart European soldier are neglected; but the substance of the warrior is there, the well knit frame, the daring spirit, for the common Turk is healthy in mind and healthy in body, an observer of the ordinances of his religion, impetuous in attack, patient and resigned in pain, famine, and disaster — altogether a comparative stranger to the prevailing vices of the upper classes.

The scientific departments are upon the whole good, being almost entirely and exclusively in the hands either of Europeans or of Turks educated in Europe. Were they not exotic, but in the hands of regular Turks, they would certainly be below contempt. But if the Turks have not generally an aptitude for science, they have the robust good sense not to reject those that have it. The medical department used to swarm with Italian charlatans who had never set foot in a University, but these are gradually becoming scarcer, and their places supplied by men of diploma.

Ismael Pasha, the fighting commander of Kalafat, and now leading the army of Asia, is one of the most distinguished officers in the Turkish service. I had also made his acquaintance over the water and visited him in his tent. He appears forty-five years of age, with sunburnt face and a slight cast of one eye, and I found him smoking a Bohemian

crystal nargile in a tent similar to that of Achmet Pasha. Without having the large strategical views or European attainments of Omer-Pasha, he has much natural ability, being not only a man of daring bravery but very clever in stratagem within a certain range, and when I was at Kalafat, possessed the entire confidence of the troops. But in the corps of officers generally there was a great deficiency of professional knowledge. The Turkish army has excellent extremes : in Omar-Pasha a skillful captain, as well as a few men of merit to second him, and troops instinctively brave and enduring ; but between these two, an ugly vacuum of professional ineptitude and corruption. A Russian officer, a prisoner in Constantinople, when asked what he thought of the Turkish army after having had good opportunity of seeing it in the field, said “ I think that the Sultan ought to give all the privates the decoration of the Nishan, and all the officers the bastinado.” Without going the length of this officer’s pleasantry, there is certainly a great deal of truth in the saying.

But a few days had elapsed since I entered Turkey proper, and yet enough had presented itself to confirm past impressions and guide the observer to the possible future. I saw the dark side of the Turkish character in the miry and difficult passage of the Timok — and its bright reverse in the unaffected kindness and hospitality of my reception at Widdin, as well as in the daring strength of will and awakened energy which in a moment of crisis raised as if by enchantment the circumvallations of Kalafat. Indolence and indifference to communications — the first necessity of a high material civilization — as well as repugnance to persevering observation and to the efforts of combination requisite for exact science, are common to all the Mongol

nations. The Turk is naturally slow to comprehend the civilization of Europe, and if Turkey is to be judged by the material standard of Europe, we may truly say “ Woe to her! ” ; but this country, held by a Mongol race, professing the Moslem religion, is substantially an Oriental power ; and to judge her by the European standard would be the most splendid instance of attempting to cull figs from thistles on record. With Persia and Morocco we may fairly institute comparisons, and their results are enormously in favor of Turkey.

Is Turkey then the sick man? Must the Ottoman Empire fall? By no means, for she has the two primary police qualities that hold a state more or less well together — the energy to hold her own, and the acute knowledge of human nature to defeat all the seditious schemes of her rayahs. — Turkey is full of political and military vitality. Every Turk grows up with a firm conviction that his destiny is in the art of war, and in political supremacy. While in the great moral qualities of sincerity, strength of will and generosity, there is no race in the whole land to be compared with him. I hold the Turkish optimists and pessimists to be equally mistaken. The Turks with Mongol blood for the most part flowing in their veins will never be a nation of distinguished geometers, physicians, geologists, natural philosophers and artists — penetrating through fluid and matter to the profound truths of the universe, or rising through form and colour to that harmonious agreement of parts with the whole which constitutes beauty. But there is nothing to prevent Turkey from being civilized under the Turks. With a few rare exceptions, disinclined to science themselves they are nevertheless willing nay anxious to receive it from others ; and one of the chief re-

grets caused by the Russian war is that it put a stop to the great trunk railroad to Constantinople which, executed by the science of Europe, would have proved equally beneficial to Moslem and Christian, — a gradual softener of religious fanaticism, — the carrier of the products of the interior to the capital, and the rapid reflux of the heart's blood to the extremities, — an investment to the thousands of hoarders in the earth; profitable — not hurtful, to the state, — a better bridge to span the great moral gulph between Europe and the East than either steam or sailing ship, — the best of diplomatists to atchieve the solid and permanent alliance of Turkey and the states of Europe.

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## CHAPTER V.

### WINTER BOATING ON THE DANUDE.

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But in the mean time the steam navigation of the Danube has proved of incalculable benefit to the merchant and the traveller, and I should only have been too happy to have availed myself of such a conveyance. But the first shot fired at Isaktcha had been the signal for the return to the Iron Gates of the last of the Steamers. A great change too had come over the season. The bright sun of

my Belgrade residence, the sharp exhilarating chill of morning and evening, and the trees shewing the skeletons of their forms under scanty yellow leaves; in short the fine November days with their fawn tints and well defined outlines had been succeeded first by deluges of rain, and then by the frost and snow or fog and thaw of the dreary winter on the lower Danube. I had before me the prospect of a land journey to Rustchuk of fourteen to twenty-four days in duration, through a country of bottomless mud; this distance being usually performed on the river by the downward steamer in twenty-four hours. On all sides I was informed of the magnitude of the danger of attempting to descend the stream by a rowing boat. The showers of minich bullets from the Cossack posts — not to speak of the inconvenience of being taken for a spy by both parties, were presented to my view; — but having never found in my Oriental wanderings that the prognostics of danger turned out correct, and being moreover furnished with a strong *buyurdi* by Sami Pasha, I joined with an acquaintance whom I met at Widdin in fitting up a boat with the necessaries of the voyage. We covered over the stern of the boat, which was large and roomy, with a roof sufficiently high to stand in — and being supplied and fitted up with utensils and provisions somewhat as if starting on a Nile voyage, we bade adieu to Widdin and committed ourselves to the waters.

No incident of any consequence occurred on the first day; navigating under the Turkish flag, keeping close under the Turkish shore — and the turban of our crew visible to the various posts, we experienced no difficulty. The weather was cold; but having a large sack of charcoal, we kept a good fire blazing in the Mangal, and I had fortu-

nately, when at Vienna, provided myself with an unusually capacious furred pelisse stretching from above the ears almost to my heels, which was my robe by day and my coverlet by night. A double quilt served as my bed, and I slept in my clothes, not knowing what adventures might suddenly rouse me from my slumbers. Subsequently in travelling by land and not having to undress in the open air, I found sheets indispensable to comfort and thorough enjoyment of repose.

In the middle of the night a shot awoke us all up, and finding that this was a polite invitation to lay to, we had no resource but to take the hint, and on coming near a man armed to the teeth heading a party, each with his musket on his shoulder, vociferously asked us who we were? To this we replied that we were guests of Sami Pasha and besides having our passport in order, that we had a *buyurdi* from the Governor himself — and we begged him to come on board in order that he might convince himself, as we had a lantern and lights at which he could read them. This he declined to do, and said that no boat could pass during the night under any circumstances whatsoever, and that there was nothing for it but to go with him to his post. “ Now the devilry is beginning,” said my companion to me, “ it is certain that we have left Widdin, but when and how we shall reach Rustchuck the Lord only knows. I am just beginning to think what a fool I was to leave one of the pleasantest capitals in Europe where I had everything to contribute to my comfort and enjoyment. But, led away by the romantic idea of paying a visit to the camp of Omer Pasha, here I am “ *joliment planté.*”

Thus spoke the gay attaché of one of the large European embassies—and I too, obliged to cut my slumbers through

the middle, had to walk in a pitch dark and intensely cold night some distance in the snow to the post in question. The plain we traversed was scarcely above the level of the Danube and is every spring covered with water — but the karaoul or piquet was on a higher level. Here we found a hut run up with earth and covered with furze and branches of trees, while at its farther end were a hearth and chimney all of mud on which blazed and crackled a fire of faggots brought from the neighbouring wood. The question of the buyurdi was now gone into, the strong language of which settled the matter, and from haughty and mistrustful, the Aga of the post grew very civil and talkative. He requested us to sit a half hour with him at his fire side and proceeded to make coffee.

The Aga was a tall muscular man, but with considerable symptoms of a pot belly. His countenance was rather intelligent—but he had none of the gravity of a Turk, on the contrary a sort of official jollity — a mechanical laugh that came in periodically at the end of every third sentence, whether the saying was gay or grave. He wore an Asiatic costume with a bent sabre slung over his shoulder by a cord ; but the campaign and the mud hut had reduced his clothes to a shabbiness too visible even by firelight. His not speaking Turkish with the fluent native accent led me to enquire the land of his birth, on which he informed me that he was a Syrian ; and on this we changed the conversation to Arabic, which was not understood by his men who stood in an outer ring nearest the door. This made him at once talkative, and the most of his men returning to the outlook on the Danube shore we conversed more freely. I repeated some little scraps of poetry that I recollected, applicable to travel and war. Delicious lines from that old

and antique song — oft quoted and daguerrotyped upon so many memories — beginning :

Sepher-tidged an min tefaruk ho  
Fe en leziz el eish fee'l nasaby

On this he repeated the whole poem word for word, to the astonishment of the boatmen in attendance, one of whom gravely announced to his companions that we were no longer talking of the *buyurdi*. There was altogether a pliant vivacity and plausibility in his manner that gradually impressed me with the idea that he had not been originally a Moslem, and I put the question to him point blank. He looked sharply at me as much as to say “How do you divine that?” and then said quite frankly : “No, I was brought up a Christian, but Islamism is the religion of my adoption.” He then added : “Is there any harm in that?” But choosing neither as a Christian to applaud his change of faith, nor as a guest to reprehend it, I was reduced to the somewhat jesuitical circumlocution of remarking that in England our principle was to let every man choose his own religion according to his fancy. This was followed by the oft re-iterated mechanical “ha ha ha!” and as he politely handed me a cup a coffee, said that the greatest thinkers of all ages had chosen a religion and a philosophy different from their fathers. “Where’s the harm? ha ha ha!”

“You little suspect,” continued he, “that I have French blood in my veins. My father, Jean Levis, was one of those brave soldiers of Republican France, that followed Bonaparte to the land of Egypt; but the result of that expedition, disastrous to France, but, thanks be to God,



glorious to the Moslems, prevented him from returning to the land of his birth.—To be brief, I was brought up on the slopes of Lebanon, and attached to the service of the Emir Beshir when he was in the fulness of his power. — These were days of health and movement, of horse and falcon, for the Emir lived like an Arab king of the old stock, and his household was on a royal footing.—I was then a Catholic and my post was Tutungi Bashi (Tobacco Stock-keeper). But soon the troubles came. The Lofty Government thought that a pension and leisure, ha ha ha! would suit the house of Shehab better than the possession of power, ha ha ha! and so I followed them first to Malta and then to Turkey. Settled in the interior of Asia Minor, they themselves of Moslem origin, returned to the faith of their fathers; I too embraced Islamism, I married a Turkish woman, I have house and home in Asia Minor, and now you see me on the shores of the Danube, faithfully serving the Lofty Government, and our Lord the Sultan, may God give him victory and prolong his life! Where's the harm? ha ha ha! ”

“And I wish you a prosperous campaign,” said I, rising to take my leave, “and if we do not meet with worse adventures on our way to Rustchuck we shall think ourselves fortunate. So, farewell; the night is cold but dry.”

“I am afraid you will have snow,” said he, “before long, this intense cold with a pitch dark sky and not a star visible denotes it.”

He accompanied us down to our boat and we again got afloat.—I slept soundly, although conscious all through my slumbers of intense cold; and when I awoke in the morning, found the snow to be an inch thick on my cloak up to

the middle, and my feet, although enveloped in thick woollen stockings and strong Russian boots, dead torpid. In this state of discomfort we approached Rahova.

Here the crowd was visible at the landing place, looking curiously to the approach of a boat from Widdin. Boatmen and townspeople in their sheepskins and thick woollens evidently on the outlook for news from the capital of the Pashalik; — behind them rose a high snow clad hill on which were scattered the houses and gardens of Rahova, surmounted by the large *konak* of the Lieutenant Governor. The Danube, slightly ruffled by an unfriendly easterly breeze, shewed symptoms of a commencement of ice, and beyond it, on the Wallachian shore, the dark figures of the first Cossacks that I had seen during this tour, were distinctly dotted on the snowy shore.

We and our crew were forthwith assailed with questions by the keen enquiring crowd. — “What news from Widdin? — What news from Kalafat? — What is Ismael Pasha about? — How do the entrenchments go on? — Is the bridge of boats finished? — Is there no hope of peace, and of a renewal of the navigation?” said a salt barge master with rueful countenance. — “*Pesevenk!*” said another fellow with four pistols in his girdle, “that fellow thinks only of his salt trade and of his profits. — Is there no prospect of the Russians coming to Kalafat, and letting Ismael Pasha have the chance of giving them a good thrashing?”

The police and custom house officers were very civil on seeing the *buyurdi*, but said that under the present circumstances we had better see the aga before we proceeded further, — and so, ascending the steep hill which almost took away the breath, we arrived at the *konak*,

and, entering an airy apartment that overlooked the whole valley of the Danube, were again very well received. Genge Aga was a corpulent man between fifty and sixty with a dignified gentlemanly countenance fringed by a bushy white beard from ear to ear. In his youth he had distinguished himself by great bravery in the Greek war, having headed the storming party at the siege of Missolonghi, where Turkish zeal run away with both judgment and humanity. Genge Aga was a native of this part of Bulgaria, although originally of Albanian extraction, and had considerable estates in the neighbourhood.— The new bureaucratic reform has torn up by the roots all those turbulent Barons of Turkey who, whether as rebellious Pashas, Bosniac and Albanian noblesse, Derch Beys of Asia Minor, or Emirs of the Syrian mountains, were perpetually defying the central Government.— But there is a large secondary local gentry, who can serve the government by their influence and their activity, still remaining.

“ I am in a quandary,” said Genge Aga, dandling the *buyurdi* on his knee,—“ I am to forward you in every possible way, and at the same time I am to give you the best advice.— Now I have no objections to give instructions from Karaoul to Karaoul that they are not to stop you on any pretext or to detain you, as you appear so anxious to go on;—but, on the other hand, and in obedience to the other part of the Firman, the best advice I can give you is not to go beyond Nicopoli : for I hear that lower down the Russians have set up a gun to sink every boat that attempts to pass.— By wind and water you may go fast enough, you may even arrive at the next world before you are aware of it.— By land you certainly at this time of the year go slow,

but sure. Under every circumstance eschew the voyage by night. As the old proverb says :

Work by night  
Never goes right,  
Work by day  
That's the way.

So, thanking Genge Aga for his advice, we descended the hill to the landing place. But here we had a most disagreeable experience of Danubian voyaging, with the unavailing regret for the Austrian steamer which, notwithstanding all its discomforts of scanty bed accommodation, deposits the traveller at his destination with bag and baggage all correct. Having been in a state of complete uncertainty as to how far the state of war would permit us to descend the river, we had made the arrangement for the boatmen in such a way that it was optional on our part to stop at Rahova, Nicopoli or Sistov. But the inclement weather induced our boatmen to take advantage of this break in our agreement, and on landing we had given them instructions to get ready another boat.—In our absence however our things had been removed into the new boat. We resigned ourselves to the plunder of the greater part of our provisions; but our large sack of charcoal had, after a moderate consumption, fallen to such exiguity of proportions as made us rather angry, and a red morocco case containing a portable table service in German silver was also missing.—As may be well supposed some sharp words passed on the occasion, and I discovered the charcoal very neatly concealed under a mat in the bottom of their own boat. But the table service was no where to be found.

Had we remained and made known our case to Genge Aga, I have no doubt but that the bastinado would have put all matters to rights, but as this would have detained us another day and we were in great fear of the Danube icing up—we thought it better to start at once and make a subsequent complaint in writing; but from that day to this I have seen nothing of my case.

Our new boatmen were Bosniaes from the Save, muscular, well dressed men, and the boat was good; but the strong easterly winds increasing in violence, we made very little progress, and long before we reached the village at which we had intended to stop at sunset, in accordance with the advice of Genge Aga, black night came on, with the wind howling louder than ever, and a shot being fired from the shore, the bullet of which grazed the turban of the steersman, we had to lie to at another karaoul, and nearing the shore were roughly apostrophised by a negro in Asiatic costume with a long Kurdish lance in his hand. But never was there such an ‘open Sesame’ as the *buyurdi*; we were again civilly dismissed with the pleasant intelligence that there was no further karaoul for some miles.

But the elements were still more hostile than ever, the wind blew ahead — the boat danced up and down on the black waters and made little or no progress.— It was midnight and we were still opposite the same rock where we had been an hour ago, — the mangal blazed with the extraordinary ventilation, but threatened every moment to upset and make a conflagration of the boat. So menaced by the three elements of fire, wind and water, the boatmen had nothing for it but to pull ashore at the first hamlet that could be descried in the darkness.

An hour after midnight, after another long pull up the hill, we arrived at the hamlet or village of Wadin, between Rahova and Nicopoli.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### ADVENTURES IN BULGARIA.

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The people were all asleep in the village, and the only sound that broke in upon the wailing of the wind was the angry bark of the wolf-like dogs that kept watch in the farm enclosures of wattling between which we went to the house assigned us by the Kiahia, whom the boatmen had first knocked up, so we entered a hut with mud walls, lighted by a piece of pitch pine which the woman held in her hand. The people of this village were neither Turks nor Bulgarians, but Daco Romans, alias Wallachians, speaking a language which, although mixed with some Slaavic words, is essentially Roman, and nearer to the classical Latin than either vulgar Italian, French or Spanish. — The fine classical features of the matron, the amphora on a shelf near the wall, the sandals the peasants wore on their feet, the words of necessity spoken on the occasion, *lumen, focu vinu*, and the ragged toga of the spokeswoman might almost have passed for a scene in a pauperised Roman or Neapo-

litan village in the environs of Fondi and Terracina ; but the sleepy man is not disposed to be critical ; and happy to have got ashore without accident, the poor woman having swept out a clean corner for our quilts and pelisses, I slept soundly until day.

Next morning, the strong easterly winds continuing to blow, we were compelled to remain where we were ; a strange crew in so small a place : a Diplomatic Attaché, who proved to be a most agreeable travelling companion, a Man of Letters, author of these sheets, the Bosniac boatmen, the Daco Roman family, and some Turkish soldiers billeted there, all crammed into a house that had no chair or table, with light communicated by the chimney and the door. Poor Pat in his cabin is an aristocrat compared to the Roman of Bulgaria, for when he stuffs a hat in a broken pane to keep out the cold, it is evident proof that his house has a window, Having made up my mind to a winter embracing every physical discomfort that the imagination can conceive, I resigned myself to my fate as I best could, for here we spent two mortal days waiting the convenience of the winds, but not only did they not abate, but masses of ice accumulating on the Danube, a prosecution of the voyage was impossible. So the men had to pull their boat high and dry on shore, and we had to bethink of prosecuting the journey by land.

But in the mean time the attentive and considerate Genge Aga of Rahova, having got intelligence that the Russians had put out a new gun above Nicopoli, had sent a Zabtich or mounted trooper by land after us to warn us of the danger and assist us in prosecuting our journey by land. Truly if Turkish communications were on a level with Turkish kindness, attention and consideration, the Ottoman Empire would be the pleasantest country to travel in ;

the consciousness of the deficiency of the facilities which the country affords for travellers is an incitement to a redoubled attention on the part of the authorities. Our intention was to have pushed on for Nicopoli;— but on consultation it was found that for want of bridges, and the difficulty the ferry boats at the mouths of the tributary rivers would meet with from the ice, it would be impossible to take the lower road to Rustchuk, — and thus we must strike up high and dry into Upper Bulgaria. No horses were to be had here, so we hired a cart drawn by four oxen and commenced our painful journey in deep snow. The animals lowing, grumbling and labouring, sent up a thick column of breath in the rarefied air as they steadily dragged us up the steep acclivities, and then half sliding on all fours — the cart giving us many a nervous moment as it swayed to the right and left — we descended the hills again. At length at nightfall, to my agreeable surprise and as a contrast to the lodging of the night before, the horse police led the way into a large country residence with numerous farming outhouses embosomed in a grove of gigantic horse chestnuts; their long bare branches bending and rustling in the keen easterly breeze. This proved to be one of the numerous chiflicks of the wealthy Genge Aga whose steward came out to see who were the travellers. The gens d'armes whispered a few words to this personage and we were forthwith shewn into a comfortable carpeted room, where we found sitting various other military and rural persons, friends, employés and guests of the opulent proprietor, and a good Turkish dinner making its appearance as darkness closed and the lights were brought in. I felt like the mariner having the comforts of a home after a narrow escape from shipwreck.



All the company were Arnaouts — one of them a captain of soldiers quartered in the village on his way from Albania to join the head quarters of Omer Pashia — an athletic fine looking man, but with a defect in his speech so that all his *r's* were *l's*, and a man who accompanied him, had a *testudo* or guitar of such rude construction as might have been used in Ithaca in the days of Ulysses. To this day the Deli or buffoon accompanies the mercenary troop from the hills of Albania to whatever part of the Ottoman Empire service may call the fellow countrymen of Scanderbeg, and, if we pass from gay to grave, the metrical legend that, accompanied by the lyre of the Adriatic and the Ionian sea, sets forth the feuds of the heroes of Albania, enlivens the bivouac of summer or the long nights of winter, and marks a nationality considerably distinct from that of the unmusical, unpoetical Mongol Turk, — and savouring of the minstrelsy of those remote periods which the hoary Monarch of Song has stereotyped for the eternal admiration of the world.

“Would a specimen of our minstrelsy grate on your ears?” said the captain to me, after the postprandial ablutions were terminated.

“Not at all,” said I — “in whatever country I am, I fraternise with the people, and few men’s souls take more willingly to all sorts of music. — But what says the master of the house?”

“We are all Arnaouts,” said the overseer of Genge Aga, puffing thick clouds of tobacco into the air, “and I should feel it an offence to my hospitality if he had asked my permission.”

A short interval now elapsed, dedicated to the Indian weed — and the second trooper who seemed to act as henchman to the chief and minstrel to his co-national warriors

then took the guitar, and after a preliminary strumming and tuning, he turned to my companion and myself, and said: “We have two sorts of strains, the old and the new,—the former which sings of the deeds of our heroes in combating with each other between castle and castle, valley and valley, in those bygone times before Nizam and Tanzimat were ever heard of; and the latter, when the past is thrown aside and the momentous events of the day are the thought of every brain and the talk of every tongue,—when the Rifleman must have his soul inspirited by the song of the bard and the stirring strings of the lyre, or the widow and the white bearded patriarch consoled for the loss of him that will never again cross the threshold of his home. It is for you to choose!

“Well,” said I,—“I am not unacquainted with the history of your country, and have myself visited that Montenegro with which the Moslem Arnaout is in eternal feud. I myself come from a land of mountains where in days of yore the bloody feud alternated with the song of the bard. But that is all past, and we have all settled down to Nizam and Tanzimat. —So give us the newer strain!”

On this the minstrel, looking at vacuity for a moment, while he cudgelled his recollections, suddenly broke into a prelude and sang a long poem descriptive of the whole oriental crisis, much of which from the vocalization and rapidity of utterance I could not well make out, but other intelligible parts amused me. “Ho ho!” said the kral of the Muscovites—“I have four millions of soldiers on foot and on horseback, and forty millions of gold pieces in my chest, so hand me over the principalities as a pledge and a proof. —Hy hy!” said the Padisha, “I have asked Schamyl to meet me in Tiflis and there some fine morning we will give

you our answer.”—A rendez-vous which, I am sorry to say, appears to be confined to the realms of poetry, as yet, which is not the case with the burden or chorus of the song coming in at the end of every strophe which was :

Flach ve Boghdan

Rehan ve Burhan

“ Wallachia and Moldavia be the pledge and proof. ”

Then came another song of the wars of Montenegro and the exploits of Ismael Pasha in that quarter. This led us to talk of Servia, and one of the Arnaouts said to me with the most ingenuous air in the world : — “ What a pity it is that Prince Kara Georgevitch is so faithful to the Sultan ! ” “ How so ? ” said I looking up in surprise on hearing so strange a sentiment.

“ For a very simple reason, ” — said the Arnaout, “ Servia is a very rich country and the Servian peasant is very rich and comfortable. The woods are well stocked with pigs and the farm yards are full of poultry,—besides the ducats in their strong boxes ; — now we Arnaouts are a set of poor devils, inhabiting a country remarkably rich in stones and rocks, but we are rather deficient in flocks and corn—now we are at least 100,000 rifles and all anxiously waiting for many years some revolt in Servia which might enable us to make a better acquaintance with the Servian farm yards and strongboxes ; but these Servians will not give us an opportunity. All we Arnaouts hate Kara Georgevitch and the Servians. Of course a revolt in Servia could not succeed — and we do not want it to succeed ; all we want is a month’s rising, in order that we may pay them a visit with our rifles. ”

“Well,” said I, “it is perhaps better as it is.—I have been through Servia, from Belgrade to Novi Bazar and from the Timok to the Drina, and I think I recollect seeing a rifle in every house, and fellows who had the look as if they could use them!”

But another song cut short our conversations, and after a night’s rest we continued our journey, with the oxen, over a dreary plain of snow, intersected by a river which we had great difficulty in passing. And after a long afternoon of one weary mile after another without a village or a tree, and which we presumed to be downs, we arrived at Trestanik — a purely Bulgarian village where the Kiahia assigned us a clean house; for in such places there are no inns or khans. And as the sum which European travellers give on leaving is always double or treble the value of the outlay, the Bulgarian peasant is always pleased to see the Englishman or the Frenchman darken his door.

The house in which we passed the night was semi-subterranean, the caves being very little above the ground, the entrance being like a dark descent into a cave. On arriving however inside, we found the walls carefully plastered and apparently dry; a large fire of logs gave warmth, light and ventilation to the apartment; although I cannot think that such habitations can be thoroughly free from damp. Rheumatism is prevalent with those who live in such constructions; and I strongly suspect that some weary months of wretchedly crippled limbs, sometimes weeks together of incapacity to move from my bed, were owing to the influence of such a mode of habitation, at night, after days of exposure to the inclemency of the weather. These Bulgarians have a number of utensils in iron which they are constantly scrubbing to keep free from rust. They had

of which it was impossible to partake, being putrid cabbage in vinegar and sending forth a most intolerable odour. This spoiled all — and if the reader travel in Bulgaria let him not forget to order that no “ *Lana* ” be served up to him.

After dinner I gently entered upon the topic of the sympathies of the Bulgarians with the Russians. And my host informed me that in the old times of Turkish oppression the Bulgarians had a great sympathy with the Russians and looked forward to the period when they might be liberated from the Turkish yoke; but that two circumstances had materially altered the dispositions of his fellow countrymen. The first of these was that, after the last two wars, many Bulgarians, taking advantage of the presence of the Russian armies, had emigrated into Russia; but that many had returned giving accounts of the Russian conscriptions and their other institutions which were by no means seductive. The second reason was that a great change has taken place in the treatment of the Christian populations by the Ottoman Government. Here and there isolated acts of cruelty and oppression take place; but in general the change has been greatly for the better, the consequence of all which was that there is no longer the same desire to throw off the Turkish yoke. “ We are fairly treated by the authorities,” said the old Bulgarian;— “ but for some months back the common Turks have been very insolent, saying : It is all through the intrigues of you professors of the Greek religion that this scourge has come upon us. ”

The description of one of those Bulgarian night quarters may serve for all; but sometimes there was a difficulty in getting even that. At one place the Kiahia insolently refu-

sed to assign us a konak, saying we might pass the night in the carts ; however a Jew who acted as our travelling servant having given the villagers to understand that we paid abundantly for every thing, our drivers got us quarters, in which we were scarcely settled when the Kiahia made his appearance asking for a backshish, but was shown the door, in consequence of his garrulous insolence. This was altogether very unlike the conduct of a Turk, and on enquiry we found that he was a gipsy who had recently adopted Islamism. On another occasion we lost our way in the fog and at nightfall found ourselves in no better quarters than a stable, in companionship with the oxen and buffaloes, the solitary room of each house of the hamlet being occupied with women. I shall never forget the blank look of the accomplished sybarite Attaché on coming out of the place after a first inspection while I was overseeing the luggage.

“ Mais c’est une écurie, une véritable écurie ! Sapristi ! est-ce que nous sommes des artistes ambulants à la recherche d’une étude de Nativité ? — Ah ! mon Dieu, mon Dieu ! voilà donc où aboutissent les aventures de gaillards qui voyagent sur le théâtre de la guerre ! — Quand je pense, parbleu ! qu’à cette heure-ci je serais en train de m’apprêter pour un bon dîner chez l’ambassadeur — suivi de quelque opéra délicieux de Meyerbeer ou de Halevy — suivi encore d’une partie de piquet ou d’une bonne tasse de thé, au coin du feu, en manière de chasse-spectacle, tandis qu’ici une stalle, non pas d’orchestre, mais de véritables buffles ! — Tenez, entendez-vous comme cela mugit ? ” And on this our ears were saluted with a loud bellowing produced by the disturbance in the stable from the entrance of the driver’s bearing the baggage.

“ Ce ne sont ni des stalles ni des cors d'orchestre, ” — said I.

“ Non, c'est du véritable Robinson Crusoe avec toute sa baraque. ”

When we got in, it was indeed a Robinson Crusoe sort of work that we had before us, and when we had rigged out the place with ropes on which to hang our necessaries, and laid out our beds on a higher and cleaner level than that of the quadruped, and a pair of fat roast fowls making their appearance, the *attaché* seemed to resign himself to his fate “ Tout est relatif dans ce monde ; — vive le confortable à la Bulgare ! ”

“ Nous voilà enfin installés, ” said I.

“ Sans double entente, ” said he, with a grimace.

We passed through one large provincial town, Plevna, of 25,000 souls, where we found a very good khan and the whole place enlivened by a horse fair. But our first care was cleanliness, and it being dangerous to take a broiling Turkish bath on a cold journey, in the most inclement season of the year, the barber's shop was the surrogate. Here a pail of water, sliding on a horizontal pole, was brought over our heads; and having stripped our upper parts, a cock was turned which produced a shower bath, and the barber making good use of his soap, his hands and his towels, and subsequently of his scissors, we were in the course of half an hour brought into a state of comparative comfort.

These provincial towns in the interior of Bulgaria have a different character and aspect from the Danubian ones, with their ramparts, bastions, detached forts, sickly climates, and stranger population of large garrisons, bureaucracy and general merchants. — Here in Plevna the air was sensibly

drier, colder, sharper, and more salubrious than on the Danube. The bazaars were extensive, but abounded mostly in the rude articles of Turkish manufacture or merchandise having a domestic hue. The coarse but strong horse trappings wanted largely for a horse dealing country, the extensive furriers bazaar with its hundreds of sheepskin cloaks and its atmosphere impregnated with heavy foxy odours,— and in the Christian provision shops, piles of saltfish or ranges of buckets of it for the long fasts of the Oriental Church. — At the well built mosque of hewn stone are tall wellgrown leafless trees, and an elegant fountain with its cakes of ice; the wintry scene is animated by a venerable figure with flowing white beard, staff in hand, who asks the stranger the news from the Danube and informs him that the place around him is in the heat of summer the delight of the beholder from its umbrageous foliage and its gurgling fountain.

Here we got abundance of horses to continue our journey, and proceeded across the vale of the Janitra, a large tributary of the Danube, to Rustchuck, admiring, now that the thaw had set in the productive country we passed through, its noble trees, its rich meadows and its extensive arable lands giving great crops under the most retrograde processes of agriculture,— but from time to time our admiration or speculations being brought to a sudden stop by having to cross a river half-a-float with exhausted patience and endangered lives.

In this long and painful journey from Widdin to Rustchuck I had a very good opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Christian native of the soil, and without multiplying adventures which might tire by their similarity I will here briefly give my impression of one of those rayah



populations of the Ottoman Empire which at this moment are particularly the object of the solicitude and attention of the European public.

The character of the Bulgarian is essentially different from that of the Servian, whose language he speaks. This Asiatic race, coming, as the name denotes, from beyond the Volga, was early conquered in their new seats by the Servians, and being subject to this more energetic race universally adopted the language of Orosli and Stephen Dushan; so that for centuries the original Bulgarian language has been extinct. Whatever they may have been when they first burst in upon this part of the Byzantine Empire, they are now a most unwarlike race, and submissive to the Turks as sheep to a colley dog. Their habits are pastoral and agricultural; having neither the soldier spirit and gigantic stature of the Serb, nor the mercantile enterprise and intelligence of the Greek, — for all their trade is a petty local dealing. The Bulgarian is in the country a shepherd or ploughman — in the town a small mechanic or manufacturer, rarely or never a capitalist with wide connections. Rigourously devoted to the mere external observances of the Greek Church and the literal dicta of the priest, he is wretchedly inferior to the Moslem in the most ordinary conceptions of a vital religion. The Moslem, reading his Koran, a book of incomparable rhythm, colouring and concision, and in many respects of lofty morality, makes a constant exercise of his understanding, while the magic of its strains attunes the inmost recesses of his soul to sentiments of religion, of veneration and of love. Not so the poor Bulgarian, to whom the Divine Scriptures and the Christianity of Christ are unknown.

The sentiment of nationality is generally as low as that

of religion ; the latent propaganda at the three localities of Kazan, Ternova, and, to a certain extent, at Sistov, is rather anti-Turkish and pro-Russian than pro-Bulgarian ; and I can never conceive the possibility of the Bulgarians erecting for themselves a political edifice resembling that of Servia, not only from their want of energy but from a deficiency in honest leaders. The greater part of Turkey in Europe is composed not of Greeks with an idle dream of a Byzantine Empire, but of Bulgarians who hate Fanariot Greek supremacy in church and state, and whose great object is to get quit of those Fanariot Bishops who must suck their dioceses for the purchase money of their sees, but whose interests, families, and connections being centered in Constantinople are a guarantee to the Porte for the fealty of themselves and their subordinates, who thus dovetail Turkish supremacy by a corrupt Christian hierarchy. The chief men of an archbishoprick not a thousand miles from the Balkan, having been very lately desirous of a Prelate of their own nation, employed the most considerable man of their community to proceed to Constantinople and work the matter out. This man procured their signatures to a document in blank and proceeded to the metropolis ; — but having put the archiepiscopal see up to private auction, a Fanariot proved the highest bidder ; — his name was inserted in the petition which, being supported by so many respectable signatures, was presented to the Porte and to the surprise of his constituents a Fanariot Greek and not a Bulgarian took possession of the archiepiscopate.

The Bulgarian has not those salient powers of intelligence and will which, as years roll over a nation's existence, manifest themselves in a wide political dominion or a high material civilization ; but he is not devoid of those unob-

after all I had no great reason to grumble ; for when I asked him how affairs were going on, he laughed most cheerfully as none but a jolly fatalist Turk could do under the circumstances. “ As you see, ” said he, “ two thirds of my establishment goes in billets for the soldiery — and I am making certain of a bombardment, some of these days, blowing the whole concern to splinters. ”

A motley crew filled the place when I went in the morning to have my coffee — country Turkish merchants, town idlers, and private soldiers. The son of the landlord, a youth awfully pitted with small pox, was one of the Redif, or national guard, of the town — out half the night at a post, snoozing out part of the day on the bench, — never without pistols in his girdle, and abusing the Russians loudly above all the other conversations, to the evident admiration and gratification of old Shekir who whispered to those about him that he was by nature brave and spirited — in short quite a fire-eater, and that general *Gorchoff-chiskoff* would do well to steer clear of him. Various uncouth spectacles were included in the entertainment of this hospitable apartment. One morning it was Shekir himself whose prodigious bald pate was operated on by the barber — another morning two murderers and a thief were collared with iron preparatory to being transported for ten years to work at the fortifications of Silistria. The collars fixed on their necks, like those of dogs, were connected with a chain which ran through a ring. The thief affectedly held his arms aloft and looked at the roof while the operation was performed. They were then marched off in the mud with the sleet falling heavily on their heads. But I did not remain long in this hostelry ; a blazing fire as compared with the suffocating mangal, and one or two other approaches

to European comfort, led me in a day or two to a khan recommended by the Austrian and Prussian consuls where I remained to the end of the time I passed in Rustchuck. Here I had a smaller room, a European bedstead, a table to write on, which no khan ever has. The cook of the establishment was a Christian Arab from Jerusalem, travelling for improvement and making the most vile gastronomical experiments on the palates and stomachs of the unfortunate guests. In short, the dinners were atrocious.

I renewed acquaintance with the Austrian Consul whom I had known ten years ago, on my second visit to the lower Danube—an active and zealous servant of his government and profusely hospitable. He lived in a nice new house built in the European fashion but in rather an unpleasant position, being on the Danube, and adjoining the angle battery next to Giurgevo. To prepare for accidents he had disfurnished all the upper parts of the house, and, having sent away his family, occupied only the ground floor. Madame R. had gone to Orsova, but still communication by letter was very difficult—of thirteen letters which she had written him, only four had come to hand.

During all this warlike crisis there was an extraordinary seizure or stoppage of letters by unseen and unknown hands, and one of the first reforms required for Turkey is that of the post office. For instance, a letter posted in England for any town in the interior of Turkey in Europe will not reach its destination; it must be addressed to some one in Constantinople who then transmits it by the Turkish internal post. On arrival at the provincial town no delivery takes place, but the letters are laid out; each one selecting his own;—unfortunately some particular friend, unknown to you five minutes before your arrival, may have felt so

strong an interest in your affairs as to take charge of your letters and examine their contents. And *en revanche* you may pocket any half dozen of letters lying before you in the baskets. Letters dispatched to me from England by prompt men of business arrived sometimes in one month, sometimes in two months; — of letters which I dispatched to England considerably more than a dozen never came to hand; nor was my case a singular one. One of the most notable Europeans in Shumla was one morning informed, on the arrival of the Constantinople post, that there was a letter for him. He went direct to the Office and within the quarter of an hour it had disappeared. It was thus quite clear that there was incapacity and negligence on the part of the authorities or else foul play by parties unknown. It is therefore a fortunate circumstance for those Europeans now in the East that independent postal communications have been organised by the governments of France and England. But as regards the interior of Turkey unoccupied by our armies I am afraid that for long, affairs must go on in this disorderly state. And it is as the sincere friend of the Porte that I signalize the post office as a field for reform, and the necessity of the Ottoman Government making postal conventions with the principal European powers, so that a letter posted and prepaid in any large provincial town of Turkey may go direct to its foreign destination without sticking fast in Constantinople, and *vice versa*.

I had much pleasure in making the acquaintance of honest Herr Von der Becke, a tall muscular ruddy-faced Westphalian, instructor of artillery, one of those Prussian officers who have rendered such service in the military reorganization of the Ottoman Empire. A powerful party in Prus-

sia withholds this kingdom from that copartnery of prompt and decisive action which would bring about that European peace to which the amiable king is so much inclined. It is therefore a curious circumstance that it is chiefly owing to Prussian military science that the recent Russian campaign on the Danube has been so different in results from what was anticipated. In her fertile territory and hardy energetic population Turkey has the raw materials of a powerful military state, but it is the science of Europe that can alone render them formidable to her hereditary opponent; and but for the Gutzkowsky's, the Grachs, and the Von der Beekes, with their scientifically laid batteries, their detached forts, their Paixhans and their Shrapnells and an ex-Austrian as the skilful strategist, Turkey would have presented a very different resistance. To be brief, whatever factions may exist at Berlin, the part played by Prussia has been by no means a small one, and of this none are more sensible than the Russians themselves. In every large Turkish fortress one is sure to find a Prussian or German instructing, advising, or commanding either the artillery or the engineers, speaking Turkish fluently, reading up to the last science of Europe, and not alone men of mere routine, but choice spirits thrown on their resources; educated in the theories of Europe, but giving them a large and liberal interpretation in their Turkish practice. — Such was the lamented Grach, the all accomplished and heroic defender of Silistria — artilleryman, engineer and strategist — equally at home in the profound problem of mathematics and in the vast panorama of military history, from Cæsar in the forests of Gaul, to Napoleon on the plains of the Po.

On arrival I presented my letters to Said Mirza Pasha,

Governor General of the province of Silistria, but resident at Rustchuck. The Seraglio was an odd place with creaking wooden stairs, long passages, large rooms, filled with menials and attendants, Ulema, Dervishes, and hangers-on of all sorts. I found him to be a dignified Turk of the old school. He is descended from the Khans of the Crimea; and therefore remotely connected with the reigning Sultan, that is to say, by the male side. He has large estates in the Dobrudscha, and must have suffered severe losses by the devastation of that district. He regretted that winter paralysed the operations, which, I have no doubt, was true, for he had behaved very gallantly in former campaigns. This was the fourth time of his being Pasha of the province of Silistria—thus, although three times dismissed, he had managed to return. I mention this insignificant circumstance as characteristic of a great period of transition in the Ottoman history. Said Mirza is a most inoffensive man and not likely to play the Pasvan Oglou or the Ali Pasha Tepelene. But although a large standing army and the discontinuance of the whole concentration of police and financial functions in one person have removed all fear of revolt, the government is nevertheless very fond of dismissing, changing and replacing, so as to keep its momentum always in function. Said Mirza Pasha has a great taste for agriculture, and introduced Merino sheep and Swiss cows into the Dobrudscha where, until the Russians crossed the river, there was a large Tartar population that had emigrated out of the Crimea.

Omer-Pasha having kindly sent me a packet of introductions to the military authorities, I went to see Khaled-Pasha, commander of the troops, for since the new organization begun in the later years of sultan Mahmoud, the civil go-

vernor, the treasurer and the commander of the troops are, now, as in European delegations, three distinct persons. This is literally “Divide et impera;”—consequently Sultan Abdul-Medchid, if he chose to wield it, has more real power in his own dominions than any of his predecessors had for many generations. Entering a large open space forming one of the angles of the fortifications, we found the troops exercising under their officers, and presenting a martial appearance, but, as already stated, without that scrupulous neatness of costume which characterises the soldiers of Europe.

Khaled-Pasha is a tall, majestic, dark-complexioned man, a very strict Moslem, with cool courage which he shewed at Oltenitza and elsewhere. He received me gravely and without a smile, but informed me that a room was at my service if I chose to take up my quarters with him, which I declined with many thanks as in the khan I felt myself more free and at my own disposal. We were soon deep in the events of the day, and the Turk evidently by nature as cold as ice, at once kindled up into fervour, and all the animation of an intellectual eye illuminating his noble classic features :

“What fault has Turkey committed this time?” said he, addressing an imaginary opponent, — “*kabahat yok dur*. They reproach us with being barbarous and uncivilized — how does it happen that war and devastation are carried into our country, and our financial resources paralysed in the very nick of time when we were on the eve of commencing railways and other improvements? How much better it would have been for Russia to say openly : — ‘The improvement of Turkey is an eye sore — an obstacle to her designs — and must never go on.’ — Protection of the Christians! absurd; — not the smallest evil can accrue to Chris-



tian or to Jew, if the Moslems adhere to the noble Koran and the Christians pay their capitation tax. — Wicked men there are and corrupt in all countries that pervert or disobey the written law. — Do the Christians and the Jews in Europe all walk by their written law — by the Torat and the Gospels? As for us, with fair words we shall do much — by menace, nothing. And better will it be to be crushed and annihilated at once than this constant pressure upon us. — Some people say the times are dark and troubled, — but I see a clear horizon — doubt and uncertainty are at an end. We may conquer or be conquered, as it is written in the writings, but the period of doubt, fear, and vacillation is at an end; — the sword is drawn and glory be to God in whose hand is the decision.”

Khaled-Pasha having kindly given me permission to see all the new fortifications and military establishments, I proceeded to the arsenal. At the end of a large court yard I was first shewn the forge, the numerous glowing furnaces of which cast bright fawn tints on the muscular Bulgarians doing the heavy work and the bronze visaged gipsies accomplishing the lighter business, — the former plying the fore hammer on the glowing metal while the perspiration ran down from under their black woollen caps; and the latter doing the light jobbing — such as they are accustomed to; with the portable smithies of their nomade semi-indolent life. On the heaths of England, the *puzstas* of Hungary and in the towns of Turkey, the gipsy is a horse-dealer or light jobbing smith — rarely a laborious mechanic or agriculturist. The head of the forge establishment was a Turk — Demirgi Bashi, Emin Aga, of the army of Roumelia, who informed me that the first essays of gun carriages were all uneven, but that now these Bulgarians and

gipsies managed to work square. The carpenters were all Turks, and the sawyers Bulgarians, under one Halil Aga of the army of Roumelia, who bore the title of Marangos Bashi, and informed me that the oak of the gun and ammunition carriages was all got from the vast forest of Deli Orman in this neighbourhood. All the tin work of the grape canisters was done by Jews — Thus distinct is the national division of labour, wherever we travel in Turkey.

I then proceeded up the Danube with Major Von der Becke to make the acquaintance of Demetry Castriotis Capitan—commonly called in Europe the Prince of the Myrdites, — being the hereditary chief of those Roman Catholic Albanians, whose ancestors did not embrace Islamism in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in common with the majority of the Bosniak and Albanian noblesse. He lived at a chiflick or farm house above Rustchuck, and on dismounting in the court yard which was surrounded by trees and outhouses we saw hanging about the door and the lobbies a number of those savage Arnaouts of whom we had heard such bad accounts on our journey, dressed mostly in coarse white woollen garments with sandals and laced legs, all abundantly supplied with pistols and dirks—altogether barbarous in appearance, and having murder and rapine written on their ill favored features. On entering we were accommodated with a seat on the carpet covering the floor, and the conversation was carried on by an old Arnaout interpreter who turned the Albanian into Turkish, and our Turkish back again into Albanian. Unfortunately however, the interpreter was not a very good one, and the chief, knowing a little of the Turkish himself, was occasionally obliged to help out his own interpreter! The chief was a young man evidently not more than four

on five and twenty years of age, and had lately married a Moslem wife, which is a very rare thing for a Christian to do.

“ If you pay us a visit in the country of the Myrdites , ” said the Prince to me, — “ you will find a state of affairs quite different from any thing else in the Ottoman Empire. A large Christian population — neither trodden down rayahs with the yoke about their necks, nor yet hostile to the Porte, nor rebellious like several communities of Christian Mountaineers ; but men obedient to the Lofty Government and at the same time free as the winds in our own mountains ; paying no tax in gold and silver,—but giving, as of old, their military service — and a heavy enough tax too ” said he, “ when one counts the numbers of brave fellows that go as fodder for cannon. ”

Feeling interested in the circumstance that one of the last relics of feudalism in the Ottoman Empire should be a Christian Clan with its chief of the family of Scanderbeg, from the highlands of the Adriatic, I touched upon my own visit to the capital of Montenegro, the islands of Dalmatia and the Switzerland of Croatia which made the Albanian relate many curious particulars of his native land and social position.

“ If the Sultan ask me for twenty thousand fighting men, ” said he, “ I can turn them out,—and every one of them practised marksmen who do not throw away their bullets in the air like a platoon of soldiers of the line, but fellows who know to a nicety the distance their rifles can carry and bring down two men with every three shots. We know the trade, ” continued he, “ from generation to generation, and I can shew you in the archives of my castle a firman granted to my ancestor by the great Amurath

nearly five hundred years ago, and long before the capture of Constantinople, — conferring freedom from tribute and the privilege of carrying the standard of the Sultan. Nor must you suppose me a mere soldier by parchment and diploma. A year has but elapsed since I made the campaign of Montenegro, where I was forty two days without bread, and living only on potatoes with a little animal food and milk, to say nothing of one ugly day on which the army lost eight hundred men, the Montenegrine bullets falling upon us from the rocks above like hail in a storm. ”

In spite of the boasting tone of these speeches, there can be no doubt the Albanians, Moslem and Christian, behaved with great coolness and obstinate valour, both at the Islands of Rustchuck and the siege of Silistria.

On another day I visited the fortifications. Rustchuck is not strong by nature, being commanded by the heights, but these heights are crowned by detached forts resembling those which colonel Grach erected at Silistria. — A new and striking feature of modern warfare, being in fact the projection and isolation of the old Vauban *contre-garde*, thus detaining a besieging enemy a considerable time at a distance from the main body of a fortress and especially suited to places which, like Rustchuck and Silistria, are commanded by heights in the environs. Here at Rustchuck I saw evident traces of the extraordinary activity which the Turko-Prussians had developed in a very brief period. Five large forts crowned the chief eminences, and every thing had been prepared for a siege had it been attempted. Above a hundred new gun carriages had been erected, the parapets had been done up anew, — the old confused Turkish system of having guns of various calibres in one battery had been done away with, and the

whole of the artillery classified according to the calibre, and a complete fire brigade had been organised which was also a novelty in a Turkish garrison town.

There are twenty-five bastions surrounding Rustchuck, and I entered one to see what they were like. The battery was of five oke guns, being somewhat heavier than our twelve pounders—the carriages all new, the breastworks and banquettes all fresh, while down in the *terre-plein* was a battery of six inch bronze howitzers with round breeches of French fashion but Constantinople casting — having, a few months before, done deadly execution at Oltenitza. Close at hand was a moveable field battery, all the guns of Prussian construction with angular breeches and the poles of the caissons furnished with coils of strong ropes, ready to be undone when oxen are required either for the stony steeps of the Balkan or the slimy sloughs of the plain.

The detached forts on the hills I found to be closed re-doubts with drawbridge and fosse, thirty or thirty-five feet wide and deep, in short, what is called a considerable profile. In the centre of each was the powder magazine and cisterns forming one shell proof building. The dwellings of the men resembled those I have described at Kalafat, being sunk into the earth and in the kitchen a rut in the earth filled with live charcoal served for the cooking.

I then ascended the eminence behind, from which I had a gorgeous winter view with bright sunshine but piercing frosty air. Around me were the detached forts and those eminences—the last spurs of the Balkan, which commanded the town and environs. Below was Rustchuck, which, like all Turkish towns, is a place of far greater extent than its forty or fifty thousand inhabitants would lead one to suppose,

— a wide semicircle of snow-roofed houses broken, with a lofty massive clock tower, and numerous slender minarets that bristled in the foreground. Beyond was the Danube glistening with large masses of ice floating to the sea, — further away rose Giurgevo with its Christian spires, and further still the dead flat white plains of Wallachia fading away in the distance.

As I returned towards the walls, the shades of evening fell; and the bells of Giurgevo, ringing in the Greek Christmas, chimed sweetly with the dull hoarse roar of the ice-laden Danube. To how many a poor unwilling conscript must this have recalled the warm hearts and familiar faces of the Kama and the Volga!

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## CHAPTER VIII.

RUSTCHUCK TO SILISFRIA.

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From Rustchuck I went to Turtukai or Totrukhan which is opposite Oltenitza—but the journey was any thing but pleasing; for a thaw had taken place after deep snow. The Wallachian shore on our left continued flat; the Bulgarian on our right was undulating and as we approached Totrukhan became mountainous and wooded; — the town itself is at the foot of a high steep hill next the Danube — but was anything but inviting, with six inches of black

liquid mud in the streets, as if all the reserve stores of Day and Martin had been poured out on them; and every house, including the khan, was crowded to the door with troops, mostly Albanians, keeping watch at this important post; which, besides its commanding position, is half way between Rustchuck and Silistria, being the centre of the Danubian base of the triangle formed by Shumla and these two other strong places.

Giafar Pasha, who commanded here, is an Albanian by birth, but a Moslem, and belongs to one of the old families in the environs of Corfu, having married a daughter of the well known Vely Pasha, son of Ali Pasha of Janina. Giafar himself had dabbled dangerously in politics, having a few years ago risen in revolt against the suppression of the feudal system, and the hereditary jurisdictions; but he is now, after exile and amnesty, well affected to the government, and was promoted for his brave conduct in holding the island of Mokanna against a far superior Russian force operating from Giurgevo after the affair of Oltenitza. I found him occupying a house with a pleasant situation, looking out on a garden that sloped precipitately to the Danube, and commanding a view across to the ruined quarantine and green sward of Oltenitza, and the wooded island at the confluence of the Argish with the Danube. In his outer rooms was a great retinue of Tcham Albanians who are Moslems dressed in kilts of Manchester cotton which has superseded the native fustanella. Being strongly recommended to him from Shumla and Rustchuck, he gave me a very kind reception and I found him to be a man between forty and fifty years of age and of a pleasant social humour. He entered freely into his adventures and antecedents in those early days of his career before he wore a

Nizam uniform, but had his native kilt and velvet jackets with suns and stars embroidered on his back and breast, and his first essay of arms had been, at eighteen years of age, in scaling with ladders, in the dead of the night, a castle which had been wrongfully taken from him during his minority; so that in our younger days feudal rapine, tyranny, romance and adventure, banished from prosaic bureaucratic encyclopedic Frangistan, vegetated in Turkey in Europe; now expelled from thence, it might be difficult to know where to find them, except in the penny-novel and on the boards of the Theatres on the Surrey side of London or those of the *Boulevard du Crime*; and it certainly is not every day that even a traveller like myself, — who from time to time leaves his fireside for foreign lands, — falls in with the lord of a manor who has recovered a property by club law, after a night escalade, and executed a summary process of ejection at not the most convenient hour for the outgoing tenant.

He showed me a wound in his leg received in the island of Mokanna after Oltenitza, which by this time had healed; and as we sat on the divan and conversed, the other Arnaout Captains and Cavasses stood in front of us, occasionally putting in a word, and giving an anecdote of their wounds and informing me that they always apply cheese to their fresh wounds. Of those Captains, the one who had been guilty of the greatest atrocities on the march was the most grave, respectable innocent looking man in appearance of the whole file of henchmen, constantly expressing himself as perfectly resigned to the Divine Will.

The horses were saddled and we then rode out to see the place. I seldom saw on my route hither a more commanding position than that of Turtukai; while the ordo-



site part of Wallachia is a dead flat, the Bulgarian shore rises precipitously to a high ridge, from which one sees the whole of the field of the recent fight spread out as on a map. Snow having entirely disappeared during the thaw, every thing was green and bright. On the plateau above is a large redoubt, which secures the town from a force attacking it either from the east or west Danubian approach. This battery did nothing for the Turks on the day of Oltenitza, and is useful only as an aid to the naturally strong position of Turtukai itself. Looking across with the glass, I saw that the quarantine is a complete ruin and that the Turkish entrenchments have been carefully destroyed by the Russians, the want of a similar precaution by the Turks after the first siege of Silistria having most materially contributed to the success of the second year's siege. The Cossacks were visible, cantering on the greensward on the other side of the river, who contented themselves at this stage of the proceedings with sending an occasional conical ball across to the lodgings of Giafar Pasha. To the east of the town is another battery commanding the whole breadth of the town.

The object of this little volume is not to give a history of the war; but as I am so near to Oltenitza I may say that in this action the design of Omer Pasha was to give elbow room to Ismael Pasha at Kalafat : to distract and confuse the Russians about the real point at which a push was to be made, and at the same time to give confidence to his own troops ; in all which he was fully successful.

Giafar Pasha gave me an escort to Silistria — one of his killed Albanians, whose roomy great coat attracted my attention as inconsistent with the kilt, but he informed me that it was a Russian one, a spoil of Danubian warfare and

had belonged to some poor devil who has not recrossed the Pruth. He praised the present state of Albania, saying that a man might now travel through the country with a vase of gold on his head.—Through all the progress of my tour I heard proofs and saw signs that a very notable improvement had taken place in the police organization of the most turbulent and unsafe districts. He kept singing to himself the greater part of the way to Silistria through a country which is beautiful in summer, every hill being wooded, but the vallies of which we found very marshy after the thaw.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### SILISTRIA.

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The first aspect of Silistria shews it to be a place of the first military importance. Every embrasure and palisade having been then fresh, tidy, and fit for work, while the heights are covered with forts that sweep every approach to this place, which even before the late siege was renowned beyond every other in the annals of Danubian warfare, with the single exception of Belgrade.

Having presented introductions from Mirza Pasha, the Governor general, to Ibrahim Pasha, the civil Governor, and from Omer Pasha to Mousa Pasha, the military Governor, I

experienced a most kind reception, with every possible facility for seeing the place and acquiring information. There being no inn nor good khan in the place, I had lodgings assigned me in the house of the wealthiest Christian merchant in the town — a fine old fellow — short in stature and meagre in flesh — but with a black eye full of fire, and gestures full of vivacity, but without theatrical exaggeration. He was full of reminiscences of the Greek and Russian war and also of most uncomfortable experiences of those troubled times. Although a landsman, he was impressed as a sailor and put in irons — having in this state had to trudge thirty-three days on foot, before he joined his ship in which he had a rib broken at the battle of Navarino. He was loud in abuse of the Russians although a Greek, and no man could implore health, long life, and victory to the Sultan with greater unction. I had a couple of rooms to myself — nicely fitted up in a semi-European manner. Every evening before bed time he made a social cup of *tchai*, a pleasant composite of tea, rum, lemon juice, beaten eggs, and sugar. This he had learned from the Russians during their long occupation of Silistria. I for my part pronounced this spirituous consolation most *orthodox*, and a part of their propaganda which was not to be resisted. The house being near the rampart I all night through heard the sentinels calling to each other the Turkish “All ’s well.” The last accounts that I heard of my host in May, before leaving Bulgaria, were that he had sent all his family away and had dug a shell proof cellar in his courtyard where he lived day and night surrounded with his goods and chattels — I hope that no skaith hath befallen the good soul.

Mousa Pasha, then in the last months of his earthly

career, was a short firmly knit man of great bodily strength, dark complexioned, pale and round faced, with an agreeable expression of countenance, and seemed about forty years of age. He had a great deal of conversation—a rapid consumption of ideas, as well as great natural elegance of expression;— in fact his high flown Turkish sometimes got fairly beyond me. — All this was unlike a Turk, and when I was informed that he was of Jewish extraction it occasioned me no surprise. Mousa Pasha had a rare activity of intellect which flew saliently out on every occasion, and the accusation that he was merely a thinking, and not a fighting man was fully belied by his conduct during the siege. The reform of the Turkish artillery and the enlightened and persevering support that Mousa Pasha gave to the Prussian officers, while practical Director of the Arsenal of Constantinople <sup>1</sup>, has proved of the greatest value to the Ottoman Empire, and if he has not lived to see the harvest, the seed was well sown before he fell. — I asked him his opinion of the strength of the place, and he answered me that there was no chance of the Russians taking it since this new formidable system of detached forts had been adopted. “ We have no secrets — nothing to conceal,” said he; “ the Russians may come when they choose, we are ready for them,— thanks to Prussian science”. He then broke into a warm eulogium of the Prussians with reference to the sciences of fortification and artillery, in which they were well advanced — “ *Chok ileri gitmish!* — *Chok ileri gitmish!* ” said he emphatically and repeatedly.

<sup>1</sup> The nominal Master Generalship of the Turkish Ordnance was always more or less of a sinecure and occupied by some dignitary of great influence, and often of very little merit or practical knowledge.

His right hand man was Lieutenant Colonel Grach, formerly Lieutenant in the Prussian service, since promoted to the rank of Colonel by the Sultan, and now, alas! no more, Grach thin, fair haired, and approaching forty, was my chief companion during my residence in Silistria — a man of rare genius, extraordinary attainments, and prodigious energy. The facility of his intellect for the largest strategical views, combined with a great memory for, and lucid arrangement of details, at once stamped him as a superior man. He began his career as a private artilleryman in the Prussian army, and the time that his comrades devoted to the pothouse he spent in mathematics, drawing, and military reading. On leaving Prussia for Turkey his merit being seen, he got rapidly forward, and when I was in Silistria he had the pay of kaimakan. He constructed, during the previous autumn, all the detached forts, and his defence of Silistria, against a formidable army, has made him immortal. General Schilders was the ablest engineer of the Russian army, but he certainly met his match in the Prussian. Nor must we forget that the presence of two gallant English officers, even although volunteers and without a command, and one of whom will never return to his home, must have been a great additional encouragement to the cool death-contemning Arnauts who stood in the trenches of Arab Tabia — for the best science of Prussia, and the bravest blood of Albania, are not fully effective without considerably better officers of intermediate and subaltern rank than the Turks possess.

I spent most of my time with the artillery and engineer people — the mornings instructively, the evenings amusingly. When I speak of society, the reader must not figure to himself a drawing room with mirrors and chandeliers —

a piano forte and a circle of clever or pretty women ; but a rectangular divan seen in a cloud of tobacco smoke and occupied by a dozen men in blue surtouts and red fez. In the centre of the room, close to the brass lamps, are a couple of draught players with their backers. A fasciculum of sabres stands in a corner, fifteen pairs of shoes or boots are on the floor at the door, which is blocked up with perhaps a negro, a couple of chibouquegis and three or four private soldier-servants. Now and then a little drama varies the entertainment — so deeply rooted is the taste for this art in human nature that the most undramatic of races, although without a theatre, has coarse puppet shows — private theatricals and buffoonery. The draughtboard is lifted aside, the central space cleared ; and in walk eight or ten stalwart private sappers, travestied into Xebecks or men of the lawless brigand tribes of the fastnesses of Asia Minor, supposed to be returned from a marauding expedition with their muskets reversed on their shoulders, twirling their imaginary long moustachios, and leading captive a woman in the person of a son of the Armenian landlord of the house dressed up in female attire for the occasion. A discussion *en famille* with guns, pistols, sabres and long knives then takes place as to who is to have the woman — rather an alarming stroke of fun to civilians of weak nerves. But fortune favors the brave. — One cut-throat-looking fellow secures possession of the weeping lady, and the dead as well as the dying and groaning rivals are carried out amidst the roars of laughter of the spectators on the divan. The distribution of the booty then takes place ; but the fat man gets by mistake a lean man's coat which he vainly attempts to wriggle himself into, all which gives occasion for a great deal of comic by-play. A minstrel then appears with a

guitar and sings a song which the captain, sitting in state, listens to with awful solemnity, and then in extatic admiration digs into his girdle with wry faces for imaginary coin, and throws prodigal largesses which the minstrel catches. The affair ends; the lawless captain becomes the private sapper again, making his exit with the most humble obeisance. Thus caricature is the natural amusement of a race comparative strangers to the ideal. Their own heroic deeds have neither the lyric nor epic mirror with its exalting and magnifying power, nor yet its refined comic reverse, with subtle and airy expression or felicitous juxtaposition of distant resemblances.

The patriarch of the society of Silistria which was small but quite united, and most hospitable and agreeable, was the Civil Governor Ibrahim Pasha, an old uncorrupted Turk who has a good capacity for business which lies hid under a jocose manner as if all the affairs of the world were capital fun — whether carrying on a bloody war, punishing a culprit or negotiating a bargain for the supply of the troops. He was the wealthiest landed proprietor in the neighbourhood. A European nobleman with his all on the seat of war would have worn a grave face, complained of his position, of dangers, of deficient rents and contingent bombardments. Not so old Ibrahim — he was as jolly and pleasant as a Yorkshire squire after a good audit and knowing nothing of war's alarms but by the second edition of the "Times." Really these Turks, man, woman and child, have quite a Salamandrine acclimatization to the fiery ordeal of devastating war.

Silistria is situate on the full breadth of the Danube, just before it makes a little bend to the south, and divides so as to form several islands. It contains above 20,000 inhabit-

ants, the houses being mostly one story high, built of wood. The principal edifice is a large Greek Church and Convent, begun during the years of Russian occupation, Silistria being the chief pledge for the fulfilment of the treaty of Adrianople. The Emperor Nicholas twice furnished considerable sums for its construction; but having learned that his liberality conduced rather to the edification of the fortunes of the managers than of the Church, it remains a new ruin.

Silistria is nearly of a semi-circular form, with five bastions on the river base, and five on the landside, or seven if the corner ones be included. All the scarps and counterscarps are of solid stone masonry. There is no ravelin counter-garde or other complicated extension of the Vauban system. The renovated strength of Silistria lies in the detached forts, the chief of which is that of Abd-ul-Medjid, on the hill of Akhar, the eminence from which the Russians made themselves masters of the place in the last war. It is situate at the back of Silistria, assuming the river to be the front, and is supported on each side by forts to the right and left, the whole enclosing an oval space. Fort Abd-ul-Medjid is the key of all, so that the new fortifications of Silistria may be compared to a bracelet of which Silistria is the jewel and Fort Abd-ul-Medjid the clasp — the two being connected by the minor forts forming a semi-circle on each side. These new forts on the plain are placed with strict reference to the bastions of the town and their rayon. All, with the exception of Abd-ul-Medjid, had been constructed within the last six months, several with blockhouses of solid stone masonry, and all with deep fosses and drawbridges. So that one may conceive that Silistria would present to a Russian force a very different aspect from that of 1829.



Fort Abd-ul-Medjid, constructed according to the designs of the Prussian Colonel Gutzkowski, is allowed by all military men to be one of the most remarkable works of this age. Turkey, from her fine territory, and her brave and resolute race, has the raw materials for the revival of a powerful state, but it is European science that can alone utilize them. This fort is of a semi-octagonal form, and, situated on the chief eminence that dominates Silistria, commands a fine view of the town, the Danube and the wooded islands below.

In the centre of the base or section of the semi-octagon next Silistria is a beautiful reduit, all shell proof, semi-circular in plan as may be understood by the term; the vaulting of extreme solidity so as to afford a secure refuge in the severest bombardment. Outside this is an esplanade, and then the pentagonal rampart; beyond which is a wall loop-holed for infantry completely sunk between the rampart and the covered way (much preferable to the *fausse braie*) with three shell proof blockhouses (two on the shoulder angles and a caponière on the base) each mounted with two 12-pound howitzers to sweep the fosse.

Fort Abd-ul-Medjid is supported by three forts on neighbouring eminences which preclude a *locus standi* for an enemy and yet are commanded by Medjid itself. Down in the plain two forts, Tchair and Liman, shut in Silistria to the west, on the side of Turtukai; another, Dairmem or the Windmill, shuts in the plain to the East; and lastly one, also to the East, close to the Danube, not only commands the breath of the river, but also the passages whence gunboats might debouch from the islands — being mounted with bronze 42-pounders.

The loss of Silistria, if it ever take place, would be a great

blow to the Ottoman arms, for it breaks down an angle of the triangle which it forms with Rustchuk and Shumla ; it places all the Turkish troops in the Dobrudja, or tongue of land between Silistria and Sulina, in a very disadvantageous position, and in danger of having their retreat cut off, while at the same time Silistria becomes a *tête de pont* for operations on Shumla and Varna, which latter important post is the extreme right wing of the second line of Turkish defence ; but even with the rupture of the Danubian chain the heavy work of the invader has still to come for on the Balkan line from Varna to the Servian frontier, the five great passes near Varna, Pravada, Osman Bazar, Ternova, and Sumugh have been fortified so as to be all but impassable, Adrianople being as it were placed on purpose as a convenient camp of reserve for supporting the whole line from Varna to the mountainous environs of Sophia.

A careful examination of these forts confirmed all that I had previously thought of the prodigious energy the Turks developed in this crisis—of the formidable character of the defences of Bulgaria, and of the much more arduous task than in 1828-9 Russia would have on her hands when again trying her fortune on the right bank of the Danube. It may therefore well be believed that the memorable thirty-nine days siege which took place a few months afterwards was to me an object of the deepest and most absorbing interest, although I had almost forgotten a course of fortification I went through many years ago. This event was important as shewing the great value of the new system of detached forts in detaining a besieging enemy at some distance from the central fortress. In former wars the line of batteries of a fortress, although ever so strong, was liable to be broken by the springing of

a mine. Even when countermines obviated this, the Russians used to make themselves masters of a height and, by a bombardment, burnt down three fourths of a town in consequence of the combustible nature of the buildings, and the want of proper engines and a fire brigade. The detached forts have altered all this, and I hold that there has been a great deal of misconception as to the siege of Silistria, not only on the part of the ingenious Mr Cobden who talked of the Russian inundation being broken into spray against a contemptible fortress, but others, one of whom for instance, the author of a very able and in many respects excellent article in the July number of the *Edinburg Review*; who has a slighting idea of the Russian troops for not having taken a redoubt such as that which was carried by French cavalry at Borodino; but I should like to know what cavalry could do anything with redoubts having a profile such as those of Silistria? A very talented correspondent of a morning paper (the *Daily News*) also expressed the opinion that the giving up of the siege by the Russians was a mistake and that the place was on the point of falling. It is impossible for me to concur in this opinion, having seen the place a short time before the siege and having since carefully collated the circumstantial German diaries and reports with those which have appeared in the English journals.

The fact is that Silistria would have been a hard nut to crack for the best French or English army that ever was a foot, with this formidable horse shoe of detached forts and the scientific part of the defence, directed by a man of such consummate ability and energy as Grach. General Schilders shewed great judgment in investing Arab Tabia, which notwithstanding its strong profile was not a closed redoubt

like the others; and he in fact put in the thin end of the wedge. But even had Arab Tabia fallen, the heavy work was still to begin; for all officers are agreed that so long as fort Abd-ul-Medjid holds out, there is no chance of an enemy reducing Silistria. But it was not the mere failure before Arab Tabia that caused the raising of the siege.— The disembarcation of the Anglo-French troops filled the Russian commander with fear of their junction with Omer Pasha; but above all, the concentration of a powerful army in Transylvania, which is the military key of the Principalities, made Marshal Paskievitch uneasy for his flank and rear. It is to be lamented that the gallant British volunteer rifleman, who has identified his name with the sorties from Arab Tabia should have come to so untimely an end; and it is much to the credit of the government that his active and energetic companion, Lieutenant now Major Nasmyth, has received a recognition of those services which Omer Pasha did not fail to acknowledge in the handsomest manner.

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## CHAPTER X.

OMER PASHA.

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From Silistria I started for Schumla, through a country rich in pasture and well grown timber, and one of the

nights was passed at a country residence of Ibrahim Pasha, the hospitable Lieutenant Governor of the district of Silistria. We drove into what appeared a large farm yard, studded all round with office houses, and on one side was the residence with a large wooden veranda, projecting into the court-yard—supplied with Divans from which the whole of the establishment with its human and animal inhabitants was visible. The pleasure grounds were quite on the other side of the court, and open not to the Selamlik but to the hareem, which was a separate building. Two of the numerous sons of Ibrahim Pasha did the honors.—One, who assisted his father in the office at Silistria, was a smart Stamboul Effendi of the new order, with irreproachable kersy-mere trousers and Parisian hottines; but those rustic squires, his younger brothers, wore the old Turkish costume of undyed drab, all braided and embroidered as of yore. Families agglomerate to a greater extent in the East than in Europe. Each of these very youthful lads had his invisible conjugal partner over the way. There was besides a brother of Ibrahim Pasha whose residence was in one of the buildings in the court-yard. This, with a considerable train of domestic servants, agricultural overseers, bookkeepers and hangers on, made quite a clan or colony of the place which I am afraid was quickly dispersed when the Russians invested Silistria and the Cossacks marauded around.

An old inhabitant of a neighbouring village in his eighty-sixth year informed me that this was the fifth *sepher*' or Russo-Turkish war that he had seen, being old enough to recollect the harrying hither and thither at the period of the treaty of Kutchuk Kainardje, which was signed in 1774 at that small town in this immediate neighbour-

hood, and was that very disastrous treaty on which Russia founded the Menschikoff demands.

At length, after a lapse of eleven years I again entered Shumla, which has the aspect of being built in the crater of a volcano, or in the middle of a split mountain with an opening on one side, and its natural and artificial strength consists of its rampart of mountainous territory broken with ravines, while access from the plain is debarred by detached forts and land sloping down to a ravine forming a fine position for an army. Its defect is that a very large garrison is requisite to defend so extensive a place, which is a fortified camp rather than a fortress. Thirty thousand men, and afterwards fifty thousand were there during my residence, for whose sustenance ovens had to be cut in the living rock, those in the town being insufficient. The barracks were very large, and occupied by Egyptian troops, the Turks complaining bitterly of their dirty habits which every one who has seen a fellah's hut in Egypt will readily believe. A friend of mine in that country, having built a neat white-washed porter's lodge at the gate of his villa in the European fashion, was astonished to perceive that the first thing his Egyptian porter did to make it habitable was to plaster the walls and the floor a foot thick with red mud and dried with a fire of dung.

The chief feature of Shumla is the great abundance of excellent fresh water which flows from fountains in every street. Unfortunately this element which is a good servant proves a bad master, for in rainy weather some streets become regular brooks, fordable certainly for those who are mounted on horseback, but rather puzzling for foot passengers, even the high stepping stones at the crossings, being so rounded that a person incumbered with a cloak

and an umbrella runs the risk of being soused in the stream. Various large dung hills, venerable from their size and antiquity of accumulation, are held sacred from the contact of pitchfork and wheel barrow, and numerous are the annual sacrifices to Cloacina; even when life is not lost by gastric or intermittent fever, diarrhoea or cholera,—health and comfort are the usual offerings which the European renders to the air of Schumla.

The large mosque of Osman Pasha, in the centre of the town, is of good masonry and fantastic construction, its high swelling dome, seen against the steep green hills that almost encircle the place, being the most picturesque feature of the town. The market place, where there is a curious fountain with at least a dozen jets, is the most animated part of Schumla, and the cook and pastry shops were literally thronged with the irregular troops, the Arnaout rifles of Europe and the horse Bashi-Bozouk of Asia. Here were also several shops, kept by Levantines who sold European articles of inferior quality at most extravagant prices. The houses are all built of wood with the exception of the mosques, the baths, and a range of stone warehouses built by the wealthy banker Anastase, the “*Hope*” of Schumla, a very honest punctual man—and therefore very unlike the Anastasius of Hope. The hills around are not wooded— even firewood is brought from a distance of three hours off.

Intending to remain some time in Schumla, I got private lodgings in the Armenian quarter. The rooms were not only habitable but good, with ample divans and adorned with a picture of a Greek saint— an impostor, who having turned Moslem and then turned Greek again was canonised by the church. My landlord was a short stout Bulgarian—

a shoemaker in the Bazaar, speaking Turkish fluently and very civil and obliging, but terrified to open his lips on any thing military or political. “*Ben karishmam! — Ben karishmam!* I don’t meddle with affairs of state”, said he. So that it was literally “*ne sutor ultra crepidam.*” All along my way I had made a point of conversing familiarly with all classes—high, middling, and low — as the best way to judge of the action of the institutions on the people, and the susceptibility of safe improvement for Governors and Governed. But the Schumla shoemaker took alarm at the very first, and ever afterwards the reciprocal relations of Bulgarian and Turk were let alone.

The landlady was an active housewife, and the daughter very pretty; but an unpleasant circumstance occurred in the course of my stay. My servant Giovanni commenced an acquaintance with the young woman, and as the landlord complained to me, I questioned Giovanni and the girl, and it turned out that they had only had a conversation about the affairs of the house; and the servants of other lodgers explained to me that the landlord had most strict oriental ideas of the complete seclusion of his woman kind from all intercourse with the other sex, however innocent. As no previous difficulty had occurred with Giovanni during my tour, I asked the landlord to inform me of any impropriety of speech or action that had come to his knowledge. He answered quite surprised, that for an unmarried woman to have any conversation with a man was in itself an impropriety. I could scarcely restrain a smile, which I saw made the good man rather angry; — however as he was the master over his own household, I said I would give my man the strictest injunctions to have no more *luff*, or “*chaff*” as people say, with his womankind.



I called upon Omer Pasha to thank him for his valuable introductions. I found him in a small house but having a good view, being situated on a steep descent, below which was a garden, and beyond it a view of half the roofs in the town. The room was comfortably carpeted and partly furnished in the European manner; and during renewal of acquaintances, after a lapse of more than a dozen years, diamond mounted pipes were brought in. I found him immensely improved; for although thinner and his beard grown grey, he has all that ease, confidence, and *aplomb* which a man who has still the better part of his career to make rarely possesses, while his conversation denoted that large general knowledge and precision of view which is only acquired by a wide course of reading and extensive practice in the manipulation of important military transactions. Indeed even before the Menschikoff mission his name was associated with that remarkable social, military, and political revolution in the domestic administration of the Ottoman Empire which has extinguished the feudal hereditary jurisdictions and turned the cancers of the Ottoman Empire into springs of strength. In Syria, in Koordistan, in Bosnia and Albania we have seen Omer Pasha at the same work, completing this great reform begun by Sultan Mahmoud; contending often with slender resources in men or money against the most valiant populations of Turkey, in spite of the territorial difficulties interposed by countries of forests and mountains; but always arriving at his aim with daring personal intrepidity, and plans most skilfully devised.

Such difficulties have proved a valuable school for war on the grander scale. Familiarised with all the details of the character of the Turkish soldier, his habits, his prejudices,

and his capacities, Omer Pasha has been able to combine his Oriental practice with the theories first taught him in the schools of Europe, and wrought out by inborn genius and persevering self-tuition. Hence the accomplished General, who knew perfectly what he could do, and what he could not do with the army under his command. Hence the clever surprises of Citate and Oltenitza, which demoralised the Russian troops, and gave confidence to those of the Sultan, and hence the wary tactics which resisted every inducement to risk the existence of his army in a general engagement with the numerous and well trained cavalry of the Russians, on the level plains of Wallachia, with a great river in his rear. But he had other plans, not then known to the public, and which the evacuation of the Principalities now permits me to mention without being guilty of indiscretion.

“ I regret,” said the Pasha, “ that my hands were tied and that I had not from the beginning more of my own way. It was my wish and intention to have been all ready to cross the Danube simultaneously with the Russian crossing of the Pruth, and to have entrenched Giurgevo and Braila. In that case the great labours of Kalafat would have been unnecessary; as no Russian army would have dared to march westwards, leaving such inconvenient places on their left flank. But it is probably all for the best, as in that case there might have been some diplomatic patched up settlement. Now I am very well pleased that the war has taken place; because, at its issue, Turkey will have a distinct position, and the Principalities will be either Russian or not. But not a mongrel middle thing. It was very desirable that some great settlement should take place either decidedly favorable or decidedly unfavorable to

Turkey, and I am very happy that the illegal invasion of the Sultan's dominions has furnished an issue to the labyrinth."

Shortly after my arrival Omer Pasha received from the Sultan a splendid sabre of honour — the hilt studded with diamonds. The presentation took place with great pomp, before the troops, outside the town, between the ramparts and the line of forts. The day was a mixture of clouds and sunshine which chequered the wide sweeping landscape. The tall white minarets coming boldly out from the dark steep hills behind. The troops were drawn up in array — the infantry in front, the artillery behind, and the cavalry in the rear. Strains of music now filled the air, and a procession was seen to advance from below, the chief personage of which was the Mabayngi, or officer of the intermediate household of the Sultan—that is to say—attached neither to the hareem within, nor the political administration without, but to the personal service of the Sultan. This was Ghalib Effendi who brought the sword and firman. Omer Pasha advanced to meet the procession, and, the firman being read, the sabre was presented. Then there were prayers by the Ulema that God might prosper the affairs of the Moslems—then followed speeches, Omer Pasha attributing all the merit to the troops under his command.

In the evening Omer Pasha gave a dinner, at which there was an opportunity of examining the sword, every part of the hilt and guard of which glittered with diamonds, and he informed us that it was the fifth present he had received from the Sultan. All politics were banished from this friendly repast, and I never saw Omer in better spirits. The pensive commander who threw away no superfluous

words became eminently social and loquacious, and communicated the convivial spirit to those around. I was the only Englishman present, but France had several representatives in the persons of Colonel Dieu, French commissioner with the Turkish army and his suite, to whom I may add the name of M. Félix Belly, — the accomplished collaborateur of the Constitutionnel, a man of refined taste in belles-lettres, who in conversation has by nature that expansive power which finds the neatest forms for the offspring of the reflective faculties.

It was with great pleasure that I made the acquaintance of Colonel Dieu, a well informed man who distinguished himself in Algeria and rose rapidly to separate commands, and this pleasure was enhanced by the circumstance of the total change which the French policy in the East had undergone; — for nearly all that I had seen of the policy of France in the East during a long series of years I conscientiously believed to have been hostile not only to the legitimate rights of the Ottoman Empire, but to the general interests of Europe; in short far beyond the utmost verge of the capitulations. It is therefore incumbent on those who have strenuously and perseveringly disapproved this policy, to pay an ample and ungrudging tribute to the present Ruler of France for acts, not of mere ordinary vigour — but for truly potent and colossal efforts to sustain the principle of legitimacy in this great Oriental crisis. Nor have His Imperial Majesty's services to civilization and to humanity during his short career been confined to the Ottoman Empire. He has made a most valuable contribution to the peace of all Europe in giving France a government eminently suited to the character of the nation.

Constitutional liberty may be conceded to a people in

proportion as the conservative element is inherent in the national character. If this character be steady, tolerant and phlegmatic, a large and liberal measure of self-government is both safe and normal. If it be inconstant and explosive, the artificial ligature of a more absolute executive is required as a substitute for an inherent cement. The Saxon nations who began with municipal institutions, end with a large liberal and constitutional developement; while Celtic society, which began with the despotic chiefs of clans, has a congenial government in an almost absolute Empire based upon a theoretical equality and universality of suffrage which satisfies the selflove of a sensitive and susceptible nation. — From time immemorial the Saxon obeys the metaphysical supremacy of the law; but the Celt must have the visible—the formidable executive magistrate, who is first the object of his fear and obedience, perchance later of his admiration and pride. Hence the safety and permanence of liberty in all the Saxon nations—hence the normal despotism, with occasional periods of splendour and bursts of anarchy, which seems the inevitable government of the Celt. This latter form of government would not suit the Saxon nations.—It would not suit the Englishman, the American, the Dutchman and the Fleming.—It even bears hard on exceptional men of phlegmatic temperament, such as the Guizots and other disciples of Montesquieu, who by some untoward accident have been born on the wrong side of the channel. But it is eminently suited to the brilliant, the intelligent, the military, the artistic, the brave, sincere, and generous but inconstant and explosive race now ruled over by Louis Napoleon.

Such are not the sentiments of the untravelled part of my fellow countrymen; but they certainly are the opinions

of those who have had a varied practical acquaintance with the nations of the continent, and who, — carefully collating the phenomena of history with the established principles of physiology, — believe that the laws of political science are not absolute but entirely relative to national temperament. The French of the nineteenth century appear to me to have utterly failed in their imitations of the British form of government which is foreign to their character, habits, and historical antecedents; but in arts and arms what language can express the admiration called forth by this race of modern Gauls? It was in Paris, on my return from the East, while transported with enthusiasm by the works of the Coutures and Proudhons, that I read of the heroic deeds of the Saint-Arnauds, the Canroberts and the Bosquets; and saw around me those extensive demolitions and architectural renovations which show Louis Napoleon to have understood the genius of his own people as thoroughly as he has comprehended what all great and civilized states owe to the outraged laws of the European Family.

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## CHAPTER XI.

SCHUMLA.

The inclement weather of departing winter and approaching spring put a stop to all warlike movements, until

the Russians crossed the Danube. Snow covered all the hills that rose so abruptly around the city of Schumla; the sky was generally bleak and grim while the blast from the Balkan and the Black Sea whistled dolefully through the rickety wooden houses, and shook their fragile casements with loud rattle. The poor sentry in his great coat cowered under the nearest shelter; the numerous Bashi Bozouks no longer flaunting in gay Asiatic attire, and bright colours, or prancing in cortege with brandished lance to the low roll of their diminutive kettle drums thronged the Cafés and barbers shops, while rain and thaw turned the streets into running rivers.

But Schumla was for all that full of life and movement; — Russia had fairly broken with the western Powers as well as with Turkey. The eyes of all Europe were directed to this spot; here centered all the action of the Porte on the army of Roumelia, and from hence radiated all the direction of its resources by Omer Pasha to Widdin, to Silistria, and the mouths of the Danube. Here were grouped round the Generalissimo eminent representatives of all the services and talents, military and political of Turkey in earnest preparation for the momentous struggle of the spring — Ismael Pasha now returned laurel-crowned from Kalafat and Citate — and Shekib Pasha, the experienced diplomatist of London, St.-Petersburg, and other Capitals, announcing with loud chuckle and radiant visage the departure of Baron Brunow from London and of Count Orloff from Vienna. Besides them were several foreign Officers and military commissioners, some high in rank, others eminent for their talents, sent by the principal powers of Europe — by France and England, to concert active measures for the approach of summer — and by the others to

report and observe the vortex, which had become so comprehensive in its sweep as to give no assurance that the most distant neutrals might escape being ultimately engulfed. To these must be added a crowd of Europeans of all nations — honest soldiers — shipwrecked politicians and non descript adventurers, all keen for employment by the “ Lofty Government ” and thronging the antichambers of Omer Pasha, Germans, Italians, Poles, Hungarians and Wallachians. These gentlemen were mostly of the democratic persuasion, and I got on very well with them, all things considered. According to my experience of these gentlemen, they like Turkey for they find a great deal of equality — but no compactly cemented aristocracy or phlegmatic Saxon nationality or any other indispensable requisite of constitutional liberty. In England or any other constitutional country a democrat is a fish out of water — but here in Turkey they seemed quite at home, and were very agreeable, and they are always well disposed to the Sultan notwithstanding his having so much less power than the President of a Committee of public safety.

Even with the Turks themselves, there was the old camp and the new, *Old Turkey* and *Young Turkey*; the former, fine old figures with ample paunch and white beard, who had risen to the rank of general by bravery — but guiltless of Euclid and Jomini — nay, whispers fame in softest pianissimo, sometimes even of common reading, writing and cyphering. — But they had taken a part in the Greek war, or the last Russian “ *Sefer* ” of 28’ and regretted the old times when Pashas were unlimited Satraps, forgetting that the squeeze was himself squeezed — that the man who ordered off heads so glibly was himself in terror of the bowstring — and that the fanatic Tyrant of the provincial



wealthy Christian was the abject dependent on his own banker in Constantinople. Not so young Turkey. Instead of going backward, we went forward with the Frenchified Turk or Islamised Frank to changes never dreamt of by the other — equality of Moslem and Christian before the law — already adopted, to be sure, in theory, but not yet put in practice — mosque entails, modified, converted and made contributable to the state, Ulcma all paid by the Sultan and a hook put in the nose of their fanaticism — and last, not least — the large Christian population of the Ottoman Empire conscribed, or recruited for the army, and able European officers, not merely as instructors receiving pay, but having actual rank and command as the only condition of the science of Europe, utilising the first rate raw material which the Ottoman Empire offers in population and in territory for becoming again a powerful military state. In short, the whole vessel of state drifting into a new ocean of which the past furnishes no experience, and in which lead and look-out supply the place of charts and compass. All this occasions endless surprise rather than satisfaction to the elders of the present generation — many a “ Mashallah ” with upturned eyes and the lugging out of a huge watch as a refuge from the painful subject — or as if the death of the good old times was approaching by minutes, seconds and hours and not by slow decennia.

A pleasant story is told of one of those easy going old fellows roused out of his apathy by the arrival of the Anglo-French troops. One stunning demand after another came upon him — all very painful to a man whose hardest work had been to give a few audiences during a short forenoon while lolling on his divan with an amber pipe in his month. — But when several thousand oxen were asked on a very

short notice, he at once went to bed and in three days bade adieu to this weary world of toil and trouble.

Many years must certainly elapse before the changes above indicated take place, but the war will undoubtedly give them a great impetus — and one of the chief features of the military aspect of Schumla during my residence was the extensive voluntary recruitment of Christians for the cause of the Sultan against Russia. There are a great many Cossacks in this part of Turkey; whole villages around Silistria and a great many in the Dobrudscha. They still retain their national costume — the black woollen cap is the same as that of the Bulgarians, but the blue tunic and the bushy sandy coloured beard identify them outwardly with the well known and oft pictured type of the Muscovite Cossack. Their religion is a subdivision of the Greek Church, with some peculiarities of discipline; but many are members of the Nekkassa and other sects of Russians which are considered heretical by the Synod of Moscow. — One of these Cossacks, Joseph Ganscheroff, had great influence over the Cossacks of the Dobrudscha by his piety or fanaticism, I do not know which. He was now about sixty years of age, with a fine head in the style of the august distinguished presence of the Jupiters of the antique.

“ I know the Russians well ”, said he, “ and the Turks too, and it is not without cause that I have made my election — you would scarcely believe, ” continued he without animation — nay with great modesty and humility of demeanour, “ that I at one time went to Saint-Petersburg and was presented to the Emperor Nicholas. Had my thoughts been set on this world and not on the world to come, I might have enjoyed great external prosperity — but my soul

was embittered — our faith was put down with unexam-  
pled severity — our Congregational funds were confiscated ;  
but we find under the shadow of the Sultan that facility for  
our worship which our brethren vainly sought in Russia.  
Joseph Ganscheroff is the sincere partizan of the Sultan,  
“ and even now ”, — said he — taking hold of his bushy  
sandy beard, “ a reward of 2,000 ducats has been offered  
by the Russian General to any one who will put my head  
at his disposal. ”

Active measures were taken by the Porte to utilize not  
only these Cossacks, but to open a door for all other Chris-  
tians who chose to combat for her. She could not conve-  
niently enrol them in the Nizam, as no Moslem would  
associate with a Christian on a footing of equality. So a  
separate corps of light horse was created headed by a Polish  
Colonel who had adopted Islamism. The corps was com-  
posed of Cossacks, Bulgarians, Greeks, Wallachians, Rus-  
sian deserters, etc., etc., while a corps of officers  
was mostly Polish and Magyar, many of the former  
having been at one time in the Russian service — fellows  
who would fight to the last rather than be taken pri-  
soners.

4 Schumla abounded in Magyars at this period. Most of  
them had embraced Islamism and learned Turkish far  
more quickly than any other foreigners, the internal struc-  
ture of their language having, like other Asiatic Mongolian  
dialects, a family resemblance to that of Turkish ; even their  
pronunciation was good. Magyar and Turkish, if not  
brother and sister, are certainly cousins — that is, descend-  
ed from two languages originally cognate. The Magyars  
are themselves very anxious to clear up the obscurities of  
their Asiatic origin. One morning, at the lodgings of Sir

Stephan Lakeman <sup>1</sup>, I found a Transylvanian whose enthusiasm for his nationality proved itself at every turn in the conversation so as unconsciously to betray that monomania which in political action has given such irreconcilable offence to the other races forming the numerical majority of the Hungarians. This struck me so much that I wondered if this Transylvanian could be the Berzentzy whose eloquence produced the extraordinary effect I have related in "The Goth and the Hem," and on enquiry it turned out to be the very same enthusiast, he having just returned from Calcutta and Canton whence he had been attempting to penetrate into the western borders of China, in the vicinity of which he assured me the language of the **Magyars** is spoken to this day. After so recent a tour in Transylvania, the reader may easily suppose that this encounter interested me. Berzentzy's manner and appearance were quite those of a gentleman, and I was charmed with that wild enthusiasm which, without going beyond the bounds of good breeding, gave a zest to conversation in those dull days of man-of-the-world platitude.

The Wallachians of whom there were a considerable number, being too large for a Council, and too few for an army, or perhaps numerous enough for a small army, if privates could be dispensed with, were disunited among themselves; one party holding with General Tell, who with somewhat too puerile conceit had adopted the name of the Hero of Swiss Independence. And another with M. Heliade Radulesco, a man of private fortune which he had devoted to libraries, printing presses, etc., all of which

<sup>1</sup> The brave leader of the Waterkloof rangers in the Caffre war --an amateur with a turn for the art of war amounting perhaps to genius.

he informed me had been taken possession of by the Russians. These two formed part of the Triumvirate that was attempted to be established in Wallachia in 1848. Mr. He-liade had a monthly salary from the Porte. In his writings he shews considerable historical research, but the false pathos of the feuilleton school in which they abound do injustice to the really sound moral character and benevolent sentiments of the author. — Only think, gentle reader, of a visit to France and England — during which he was presented to M. Drouyn de Lhuys and Viscount Palmerston — being written in a biblical style!

The most vigorous minded of the Moldo-Wallachs was certainly the Young Prince Stourdza. His father, the ex-Hospodar of Moldavia, is a man of enormous landed property producing, as I was informed, not less than £ 80,000 per annum in prosperous years; and the share of this young man had been confiscated by the Russians, in consequence of his having sided with the Porte and even taken service in the Ottoman army; but I presume that he has again seen his Lares and Penates. Having had a great deal of intercourse with him, he left on me the impression of his being a man of serious studies, and solid principles; in short, free from the two great foibles of his nation which all wise and good Moldo-Wallachs carefully avoid — a frivolous dandyism unworthy of the gentleman and man of the world, and the propensity to petty fogging intrigue introduced by the Fanariot Satraps.

It was with peculiar pleasure that I saw the gradual formation of an English circle in this interior town of Bulgaria. There was Lieutenant General Sir John Burgoyne — a calm and venerable figure, from whom the fire of youth had fled, but in whom the reflective faculties were still clear.

The able Engineer of the age of Wellington — the skilful picklock of the strong places of the Peninsula was now heading a younger generation of technicians in devising dams against the new Muscovite inundation. One of these latter was Lieutenant Burke, a promising officer, so recently killed at the assault of Giurgevo. Never had man on the eve of his death more of the joyous vigour of life stamped on every part of his exterior; — the ruddy bloom of health was on his check, his chest and shoulder were those of an Athlet among Athlets, and the gaping crowd of Schumla, one day that he was insulted by a drunken obstreperous native, gaped still wider when the British Alcides, good humouredly lifting him up by the breech and the nape of the neck took him out of the court yard and laid him down in the street as if he had been a troublesome cat, or ill-bred terrier. Sir John Burgoyne was accompanied by his daughter, a lady of considerable intellectual powers, and accomplished in equitation; who went with her father early and late from fort to fort, creating the astonishment of the inmates of the hareems of Schumla by the contrast to their own vegetative existence.

I had agreed with Colonel Dickson, of the Engineers, Lieutenant Burke, and Lieutenant Wellesley of the Coldstream guards, to start together for the Danube where a movement was expected; but on the morning of proposed departure a violent attack of the spring fever which swept off so many Russians in the Dobrudseha, laid me on my back, so that for a fortnight my life was despaired of, followed by such weakness and pain in the limbs that for nearly two months I was unable to walk. But I was well-attended to. Omer Pasha sent his own body physicians with the head physician of the military hospital, and daily

asked after me; for which considering his numerous avocations I shall retain him in most grateful remembrance to the end of my life. A subsequent batch of English composed of accomplished men came frequently to see me, among whom I may gratefully mention Captain Symonds, an able officer of engineers who occupied apartments above me, Butler, Nasmyth, and several others. Lieutenant Maxwell, the clever correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, also paid his tribute to the campaign in small pox. What could be the cause of all this sickness, nobody could precisely tell, and for myself, no man could live more carefully than I did — drinking very little wine, and never touching fruit. The mortality in the Turkish army during the winter was very considerable — possibly owing to deficient cultivation of the country, the absence of sewerage in the towns, and those colossal dunghills of which I have already spoken — which, although innocuous during the severe cold of winter, emit the most deadly exhalations in spring and summer, such was the opinion Dr Dumbreck, Inspector of hospitals, then on a tour in Bulgaria.

The change of season was pleasant to the eye. The trees of the little garden in front of my room were all in bud—the roofs of the lower town were free from snow—the hills were green, and speckled with white tents, and the sun shone bright on the high vaulted dome of the great mosque. But unfortunately the political, military and financial atmosphere was cloudy; the Russians were in the Dobrudscha and approaching Silistria; 50,000 men were crowded in Schumla; provisions and forage were scarce; and the horses lean and Rosinante like. The English did not exactly keep their spirits up by pouring spirits down; but I crawled out to dine with them on the first of May at a

German Restaurant that had been got up in Schumla, where the health of the Queen, the Royal Family and the Sultan were drank by fourteen of Her Majesty's loyal subjects in the best Champagne or gooseberry the bazaars could furnish. My humble part was to propose the health of General Cannon whose subsequent conduct has fully justified the reputation for energy and intrepidity which he possessed. He is a thorough enthusiast in his profession and gives his whole mind to the details of the service.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### SCHUMLA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

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At length I was strong enough to undertake the journey to Varna, propped up in carriage by pillows; my limbs still in a miserable state. But this country having been recently so amply described, its uncultivated downs, its hills with furze bushes, and Devneh with its streams, are too familiar to the public to render it necessary to say any more—and on arrival at Varna the charm of summer weather, the high cliffs washed by the waves, the yellow sands, and the wide coast breaking away from cape to cape, revived my drooping health and spirits. Strange fancies come over a man when he is in this state. One day I saw a huge vulture pursuing a young hare or rabbit, and



the same night dreamed that I was attacked by wolves that were subsequently scared away by an ostrich.

There is no use in saying any thing more of Varna, where I was most kindly attended to by my worthy friend Colonel Neale, one of the most judicious Consular Officers in Her Majesty's service. From thence I proceeded to Constantinople, where I experienced a most unusual difficulty in getting quarters; for although the great artery of the Danube was stopped, there was a plethora of steamers by the Dardanelles, crowded not only with officers but with a host of travellers, attracted by curiosity which the Oriental crisis had more than usually enhanced. It was so pleasant to see "the Europe and the Asia Shore"—the turbaned Turk and his veiled partners—far away from shot and shell — or anything that whizzes and cracks, except iced champagne and pale ale. I dined the first day at Missiri's with a couple of friends <sup>1</sup>, where not less than from sixty to seventy travellers crowded the table d'hôte. Neither here nor at the Hotel de Byzance was there a room to be had, and I considered myself fortunate in getting a room on the fourth floor, where the company was almost entirely composed of British officers. All the ordinary waiters of the hotels having been carried off by travellers at high wages — that is to say eight or ten shillings a day over and above board — their places had been filled with any body that could be got. So there were daily discussions and complaints about the service, made in slang impatient English with unintelligible explanations and excuses in Greek, Turkish or

<sup>1</sup> Both men of letters and distinguished writers, one of them a barrister, now correspondent of the Times in the Crimea and *facile princeps* of the whole tribe.

Bulgarian. Most generally both question and answer were in pantomime, so that a section of the company sometimes looked like a set of Italian ballet performers — rehearsing a passionate denouement. One day a very stupid Servian waiter, who spoke a few words of Turkish, was declared by a smart captain, with an overpowering voice, after various futile attempts to make an impression on him with English, French, Italian and German to be “able to speak no human language except perhaps Chinese”. A half dozen French and Italian habitués managed to have a sort of clique at one end of the table when I first arrived; but the military inundation made it quite an English society; “Ça n’a pas le sens commun,” said one of these gentlemen, opening his eyes in astonishment as he stopped at the door and seeing the table filled from end to end with red coats, stalked out again.

Unfortunately for myself, I had scarcely arrived in Constantinople when I had a relapse of my illness; for many days I was confined to bed, and for weeks unfit for exertion and locomotion, but experienced every kindness from my Pera friends as well as from some pleasant travellers who helped me to kill the weary hours. But at length I was convalescent, and an occasional promenade on horseback, or sail in a caique on the Bosphorus, brought me considerably round; and except a minor relapse on my way from Trieste to Vienna in consequence of the change of climate from the warm basin of the Adriatic to the colder mountainous region, I managed to shake off my unpleasant Bulgarian acquaintance whom many a Briton beside myself will long remember. I therefore dispensed with the lions of Constantinople, and in truth I might as well describe St Peter’s of Rome, or St Paul’s of London as hope to say

anything that has not been already said of them. The true lions of our day are the statesmen and soldiers, who have figured in the various phases of this unparalleled Oriental crisis.

An accomplished nobleman, whose acquaintance I had made in other lands, having mentioned my name to the Duke of Cambridge, I received a message to wait on his Royal Highness, and embarked on the Bosphorus. Passing by the newest palace of the Sultan, I was struck with its sumptuous architecture which, carrying ornament to its utmost extreme, reminds one of the Venetian Balthasar Longhena. This is purely European, but farther up we have on the same side a specimen of the mixture of East and West in the Mosque of the Sultana Valide. There is the same form of swelling dome and pointed minaret as in the usual architecture of Turkey; but the details are quite different. The minaret returns to the antique column, a sort of Pompey's pillar, capped with a peak and muezzins bartizan, while the details of the ornaments smack of Wren and Vanburgh or Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze as our neighbours say. But although a mongrel the totality was successful — although contrary to the strict laws of geographical and chronological purism, it is according to the deeper general law of a harmonious agreement of the parts with the outline of the whole. Even in music as well as in architecture, western influences are observable, and in the streets of Constantinople, when I have heard old Turkish airs, I have not failed to recognise some little inkling of Bellini and Donizetti to set them off.

This encounter from afar has its ultimate cause in identity — Italian and Turkish music are radically the same, however differing in stature and development; whoever

has had the patience to teach his ears an apprenticeship to the peculiar modulations of Turkish music, at once perceives the family likeness to the Byzantine-souled Paestrina Turkish music is in fact Greek. The Mongol, from first to last, has had the will to conquer and command, but not the sense of beauty to adorn. Sofia is his high temple. But its lofty walls were reared by the Greek, and the sublime accents of eloquence and praise with which they resound are not Turkish but Arab, — not Mongol but Caucasian.

I landed at a palace of the Sultan above that of Tcheragan, and ascending a wide staircase came upon an extensive hall, — the whole breadth of the building, — painted with warmth and exuberance and sumptuously furnished with satin damask. These fairy abodes on the Bosphorus are too fragile to keep out the wintry blasts of the Euxine, and are too fleeting ever to occupy the attention of the student of archæology. Nor is it their wood, their satin, or their paint that can excite the enthusiasm of the traveller; — but who can remain unmoved on contemplating the eternal Paradise that surrounds them ! the Bosphorus glistening in the noontide sun, — the large vessels in full sail sweeping past close under the windows, — terraced gardens, shaded with tall shrubbery, and adorned with luxuriant alleys of the sun-wooing orange. Light and shade, warmth and beauty, — distance with its enchantments that withdraw you from the immediate environs, — and environs that stand the severe scrutiny of the lover of the beautiful. Such are some of the features of this glorious gulf, where thought is lulled to inactivity by the harmony of nature, — where man resigns himself for an Elysian moment to high unconscious health, — to a vague and dreamy extacy, — which even the

eloquent pen cannot describe, — and that enjoyment of general well being which language is powerless to define.

The Duke of Cambridge with his tall portly person, fair complexion, and slight baldness, bears the stamp of his race, recalling the air and outlines of his uncles — nearest perhaps to the Duke of York — and this not so much in feature as in general aspect. His whole nature is in fact Germanic, and instinct with sound practical sense. His conversation shews great anxiety for the welfare of the troops, and in rising from special to general questions, he loses no time with the outworks of a question and goes straight to the citadel of essential truth. Indolence and dissipation neutralised the abilities of some members of the family of George III. The contrast which the present generation of British princes offers is too salient to escape the record of the future historian. After a very affable and courteous reception I took my leave.

The wretched state of my limbs prevented my cultivating any acquaintance with the generals encamped on the southern shore of the Bosphorus, notwithstanding various opportunities that offered ;—but one day, being placed next Lord Raglan at the hospitable table of the ambassador, I had an opportunity of seeing the commander in chief, — who has not only gentlemanly manners, but that high bred courtesy which throws an unspeakable charm over society. To say which of our Generals has the bump of strategy and capable of achieving a Ramillies or a Salamanca on the shores of the Black sea is a difficult matter at the beginning of a campaign. But of Lord Raglan we may say that he has seen war in all its phases, under the most scientific, if not the most genial commander of modern times. While his vast administrative experience during the long

peace ought to have enabled him to know the wants of the soldier and the value of every superior officer in the army. At the same time his temperament and manners give the assurance that no exorbitancy of self esteem will disturb the all essential harmonious co-operation with the French commander<sup>1</sup>.

With Mr. Smythe, one of our most promising orientalisists, who I believe was born in Constantinople during the embassy of his father, the accomplished translator of Camoens. I took boat and crossed to Scutari, where I saw a review of the British troops as well as I could manage, reclining on the boards of the Csardak of a coffee house. The troops had a fine appearance, particularly the Grenadier Guards. The kilted Highlander too was especially the object of Turkish observation, and as the bagpipes struck up they laughed and wondered whether Bulgarians had introduced into Britain that unfortunate instrument which seems to have been invented in order to let the world know what is not music.

The Sultan looked better than usual, and was as usual, extremely courteous to all who approached him, as far as I could judge in the distance.—What a lesson does the present state of the Ottoman Empire teach us of the wayward current of human affairs! Mahmoud—the Mahmud of the adamantine will — saw in the decline of his days the wrecks of his royalty — the spectres of the fiefs that had been holden of the sons of Orchan. Ruin, confusion, and disaster—seemingly hopeless and irretreivable closed their murky shadows around the expiring Sultan. Wallachia,

<sup>1</sup> I print unaltered the impression of the moment. How nobly this captain fought at Alma and Inkerman needs not be dwelt upon.

Moldavia, Servia, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Candia, and Arabia were so many words that recalled in succession the rapid descent of a once great empire, and seemed to herald the final doom of his house and race. He has for his successor the mildest of princes, the humblest of Caliphs, the most in-offensive of despots ; whose presence in camp and in council, in state, and in privacy, carries with it all the charm of courtesy, but none of the terrors of the Captain and the Magistrate. His taste and his tact are the admiration of his chief officials and of the envoys of his allies. But while he charms ennui with the vibrations of the piano forte, and inhales the luscious air of the rose bed, and orange grove we are again reminded how the current of human affairs rolls on its wayward course, independent of the greatest names and the strongest wills.—The mustard seed of Mah-moud, half choked with tares, becomes the umbrageous tree of another age and generation under which sits the Sultan of the Ottomans—no longer the foe of the civilised world, but the cherished ward of Europe's chancery, at whose instance the grasping suitor is brought "to the judgment and to the testimony."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### CONSTANTINOPLE.

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I had great pleasure in renewing acquaintance with Lord Stratford de Redclyffe, and have to acknowledge a most kind and hospitable reception from his Lordship and repeated attentions from my old Embassy friends. — Lord Stratford with his talents and his energy is a consummate statesman. He has given solid and repeated proofs of regard for the real welfare of the Turks. Without the smallest flattery of their pride and prejudices, nay with many a rude battle for the Christians, with no loud addresses, or indirect appeals to the Christians themselves expressive of his wish to support them, with no open demonstrations which might give them a pretext to slacken their allegiance to the Porte, Lord Stratford has always given an effective and unostentatious support to those Turkish statesmen who are convinced that the safety of the Empire, and the permanent political supremacy of the Turks lie in sweeping away all oppression of the rayahs, and in procuring an effective not nominal equality before the law.

From this contrast of political system to that of Russia, as well as from a personal antipathy which the Emperor



Nicholas is strongly suspected to entertain to him, he has never been on terms of thorough cordiality and complete confidence with the Russian missions and, having by nature more of the *fortiter in re* than of the *suaviter in modo*, Pera abounds with his enemies who are always repeating that he must fall and must be recalled, and as his Excellency is a good hater there is no love lost. The fact is that when he discovers a deception he is implacable, and he is at a post where intrigue and deceit spring up in incredible redundancy. The defect of Lord Stratford is a rather quick temper, but this is allowed by all that know him to have considerably diminished of late years. The great preservative against this too quick sense of injury is his long experience, and his perfect knowledge, even to a nicety, of what length, law and custom allow him to go, with both the Porte and his Diplomatic colleagues. The abrupt recall of the gallant General Baraguay d'Hilliers, a short time before my residence in Constantinople, shewed how easily a man of merit and energy but of quick temper may for want of this knowledge commit hopeless political suicide, and at a period when the British Embassy studiously avoided the display of all superfluous influence at the Porte, out of major regard for the real and tangible objects of the Western coalition.

The result of all this is, that Lord Stratford has for many years enjoyed the greatest influence at the Porte and is therein the worthy successor of Viscount Ponsonby. When I say influence, I speak of ordinary times. There are other times when the current of public will sweeps all along with it, — Sultans, Grand Viziers and diplomatists altogether, like a horse whose blood has got up and makes him take the bit in his teeth and bolt right forward in spite of rider

and bridle. Altogether few men in the history of Britain have earned a Peerage by more accumulated efforts for the public service than Lord Stratford. He takes to business as irresistibly as a drunkard to dram drinking, — a power within him gravitates to hard work in spite of his other self, which is that of a well read, accomplished, and social being <sup>1</sup>.

I found quite a Congress of diplomatic and military functionaries at Constantinople, among others my worthy friend General Rose, in a position for which he is eminently fitted by his military training, his special knowledge of Turkey, and his conciliatory courtesy of manners, he having been attached to Marshal Saint-Arnaud as British Commissioner, a sort of *pont volant* between that commander and Lord Raglan. At his house on the Bosphorus I had the pleasure of seeing several of the staff of Marshal Saint-Arnaud and whom I judged to be men of undoubted capacity from their views as to the approaching struggle. On the day when I was to have been presented to the gallant Saint-Arnaud he was confined to bed, but his speedy and lamentable end was not then foreseen.

There can be no doubt that Algiers has been a famous school for the coming race of soldiers of the new Empire. “ Quite a Do-the-boys Hall ”, as the witty Author of *Eothen* said to me some years ago when Algeria showed a

<sup>1</sup> Lord Napier was the secretary of Embassy and heads his clan with distinction. There is a Scotch phrase that, “ There never was a Napier without talent and a bee in this bonnet.” Lord Napier is a long headed Scotchman, with an acute analytical turn of mind. But the bee must be very deep in the nook of this bonnet, for it is inaudible as well as invisible. Very few young men of his age have a larger capacity for dealing with the realities of political life, or have turned their varied experience to better account.

balance of more kicks than half pence. Nor is it surprising that their troops take to the bivouac more handily than ours do, for while ours have been accustomed to abundance and the stationary life of barracks, theirs have been indured to scarcity and continual movement. Every infantry regiment in the French service has had a good turn of Algeria, and the best regiments are those most freshly imported from that Regency.

Having already in the “Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic” as well as in the “Goth and the Hun” introduced Baron Bruck, the Austrian internuncio, to my readers, it is not necessary to say any more of this clear-headed statesman. Russia was of course without a Representative. The minister of Prussia was my worthy friend, Baron Wildenbruch, who recommended a day at his villa on the Bosphorus as the best medical prescription for an invalid. So I again sought a little strength in the invigorating breezes of this matchless sound, and gliding from one retreat to another, I got strength enough for the voyage. Kurutcheshmch is a Christian village for the most part, and here is the splendid residence of Duz Oglou, the wealthy Armenian banker of the Sultan; one branch of the family having a house below on the water's edge, and another a park above, on the table land; so that a Christian, and not a Turk, was the chief native proprietor of this part of the Bosphorus. From the nature of things, the Armenian will always have a better position in the Ottoman Empire than the Greek; his territory having been earlier absorbed by the Turk as well as geographically more remote from the influence of Europe, he conceives no political existence for his nation apart from the Ottoman Empire whose very language is become vernacular to him. The

Turk does not admit him to political and social equality, but he confidently trusts, and willingly favors him. The talent and European assimilation of the Greeks enable many of them to rise to considerable influence, but the relations are always measured, and latently mistrustful, except in the case of a man of undoubted probity and benevolence, such as the present distinguished Representative of the Ottoman Porte at the Court of London.

The villa Wildenbruch had a large garden behind, and above, terrace on terrace, till the plateau was reached, from which was a splendid view of wooded creek and bold promontory. Kandili on the other side, the choicest of all the choice seats of the Bosphorus, recalling the pleasant hours passed with the accomplished Layard many years ago—while downwards Olympus and the sea of Marmora were seen in the azure distance. In Baron Wildenbruch I have always found a union of the athletic Cuirassier Colonel, the extensive information of the diplomatist, and the recondite taste of the antiquary and dilettante. I confess the mind reposes pleasantly on this polygon form of mind, (I speak apart from all the debated questions of the day,) and in Baroness Wildenbruch I have always found a lady familiar with the literature of Europe, without the pretensions of the blue-stockings. Their retreat was a charming one, and the Bosphorus, with the rustle of its green leaves, and the ripple of its blue waters, is certainly more propitious to the man of business who charms his leisure with letters, than the dusty stifling air of Pera.

Further up the Bosphorus I found Mr. Henry Skene, whose time is well employed and who is one of those men to whom the public is indebted for much valuable service in various capacities. A friendly visit to my bed of sickness

in Pera had renewed and recalled an acquaintance that began thirty years ago at school, and therefore was mingled with some unpleasant reminiscences of short comings in classical lore ! I recollect as if it were yesterday the Wizard of the North with his white locks and tortuous limb hobbling into the new academy of Edinburgh to examine us. Archibald Tait, now D. D., and Dean of Carlisle was as usual Dux and I was as usual booby. Our task was the perusal of Virgil or Homer, I forget which, “ ad aperturam libri ”. — Looking at the number above me, I calculated what lines would fall to my share ; and quite big with expectation, thought I had penetrated the author’s meaning. Tait, Skene, Swinton (brother of the artist — and now Professor of Law in Edinburgh), and the other clever boys had got through with eclat ; but the master, archdeacon Williams, kindly thinking to save me a breakdown, or perhaps to save himself from the discredit of such a pupil, waved me to my seat and turning to Scott, said : “ You see how far it can go. ” “ The devil he does, ” thought I, and Scott gave me a shake of the head, and a droll reproving grin, while I thought myself for a moment a martyr ; and I almost suspect that I still owe the master a grudge for it.

At Balta Liman I presented letters to Reschid Pasha and his son Ali-Ghalib Pasha, then about to espouse a daughter of the Sultan. This statesman, the most enlightened of all the modern Turks, I found in feeble health, much exhausted with the fatigues of the long twelve months crisis, — which began with Prince Menschikoff’s mission ; and taking a little ease from the weight of state business, in a cool lofty apartment, simply furnished, and looking out on the broad part of the Bosphorus, below Therapia where it appears a lake.

With an intelligent eye, a mild expression of countenance and a bushy white beard, his look is venerable; and although no longer in the enjoyment of the bodily strength of youth, his intellect is quite clear and it is at once apparent that he seizes his points like a true statesman. He speaks French admirably, and he has thus the advantage of always being able to communicate directly with the Foreign Ministers accredited to the Porte. The great merit of Reschid Pasha is that without seeking to change the obviously essential doctrines of Islamism, he has boldly thrown himself in the breach in order to render Turkey a possible member of the European family; and the Turkish Revolution, which was begun by the destruction of the Janissaries, has been carried on by Reschid Pasha's persevering war with the intolerant section of the Ulema, — those moral Janisearies, of the hosts of pride and prejudice; and if his task is incomplete, it is for want of neither the intelligence nor the will, but of that lapse of time which is needed for the consolidation of the stages already reached, the settling of foundations, — the cohesion of parts, and the closing of fissures between the old element and the new.

It may well be believed that the state and prospects of Turkey, the possibilities, and the impossibilities of the future, formed the subject of many interesting conversations with the soldiers, statesmen and men of letters I met at Constantinople. I have not judged it fair to put in print and appropriate to their authors opinions often freely expressed, on the gravest problems and chief personages of this momentous crisis, — I prefer giving in *propria persona* some of my own experiences of this heterogeneous Empire, confirmed, or corrected by my most recent tour in the Ottoman Empire.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

A BALANCE SHEET OF TURKISH STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

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In the "*Constitution and Administration of the Ottoman Empire*" by the erudite Baron Von Hammer we have the most complete and authentic account of old Turkey. The chief features of this once formidable system are soon sketched. — Radically the same as that of the Mameluke Sultans, founded by Saladin, its chief military force consisted of a large number of healthy men, taken young from their parents and educated in the art of war and the doctrines of Islamism; in fact, lay-brothers of an ecclesiastical and political system which broke them off from the ties of their parents and kindred, who were often of the Christian religion. Instead of the successive elevation of these men to the supreme power of state, there was the sounder principle of hereditary Monarchy as in the Caliphates. In short these new Pretorians, styled Janissaries, did not rise to be Emperors, but they held in their hands the power of deposing the Sultan. Thus absolute monarchy and turbulent oligarchy were reciprocally pushed to their extremes; and the history of Turkey is a black catalogue of monarchs deposed by violence, and grandees suddenly attainted in life and chattels.

Sultan Mahmoud clearly understood that a reciprocal tolerance between the primary and secondary powers of the state was absolutely essential to its welfare. The Janisaries were destroyed, — feudalism has been gradually extirpated, and the present Sultan neither fears deposition by turbulent Pretorian guards, nor is the Metropolitan or Provincial magnate in terror lest either a low ebb of influence or a springtide of power (for both extremes were often fatal to the political adventurer) should lead to decapitation and confiscation. Mahmoud did not live to complete his work. He saw the light glimmering at the end of the cavity. He never reached the broad expanse of day — but he groped boldly in the right direction; and if the Ottoman Empire get clear of the present difficulties, Mahmoud will go down to posterity as the Renovator of the Empire.

The publication of the Hattisherif of Gulhane, the reform bill of the Ottomans, took place in 1859, — shortly after my first setting foot on the soil of Turkey; and I confess that, inexperienced at that time in political affairs, I indulged in rather too sanguine expectations of its realization. In short the contrast between its splendid promise and miserable performance by the agents of Abd-ul-Medjid, then girding on the sword of Empire, was most melancholy. How truly says Luther of mankind — that it is like a drunken beggar on horseback : as soon as you prevent him from falling on one side he is apt to tumble over on the other. — No sooner had the energy of Viscount Palmerston, Prince Metternich, Viscount Ponsonby and the other allied statesmen of that day saved the body of the Empire from the fangs of Ibrahim Pasha and Mohammed Ali, than a frightful re-action took place in favor of the most corrupt and intolerant part of the privileged classes. The reins of Govern-



ment being no longer held by the vigorous hands of Mahmoud, the extreme youth and inexperience of Abd-ul-Medjid was unequal to the task of preventing the power and emoluments of place — from being held by the corrupt and artful jobbers of the old system.

Russia had gained by the coercion of Mohammed Ali ; the great influence of that Pasha at Constantinople, so annoying to her in later years, had been reduced. By the surrender of the spirit and letter of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi she adroitly postponed for fourteen years the war with the Western powers, which her traditional Turkish policy was inevitably drawing down on her head ; and the wild aberrations of M. Thiers from all the recognised principles of European right and international dealing had created a most unseemly fissure between the two powers that threatened, in conjunction with Austria, to do that European execution on Nicholas which the world had witnessed in the case of Louis XIV, — the elder Bonaparte, — and other monarchs when their policy became dangerous to the general welfare.

But Russia was by no means converted to the doctrine of a renovation of the strength of the Ottoman Empire. It did not suit her interests that Turkey should be united, prosperous, and powerful, — and Russia maintaining intimate relations with the soi-disant orthodox populations of the Sultan, it is clear that the Emperor Nicholas did not believe it practicable. We consequently find that the influence of Russia in the Ottoman Empire was far more frequently given to the leaders of the retrograde party than to those who wished to make the Hattisherif of Gulhane a reality.

M. Thiers had been expelled from power, but in too

many instances the traditions of his policy still haunted the chanceries of France. It was impossible for an impartial European at that time to reside any length of time in Turkey in Europe or Turkey in Asia, and not arrive at the conclusion that the whole of the French policy of that day was based upon the assumption that the Ottoman Empire was tumbling to pieces, and that provision must be made for that consummation by a moral hold on the Catholic or Rayah population, far beyond the utmost verge of the capitulations, and analogous to those pretensions which have proved the rock on which Russia has since split. But the unparalleled efforts that the present Emperor of the French is making in the most legitimate of causes prevent me from dwelling further on the policy of a fallen dynasty, whose immense misfortunes besides shield it from a harsher criticism.

The modern history of Turkey begins with the year 1841. During the previous part of the century, she had never had an interval of repose, from either foreign war or domestic revolt. Russia, France, and Britain, the Servians, the Greeks, and the Egyptians, had all pointed their cannon against Turkey. Chaos therefore preceded the new organization. The first thing to be done, after turning the great corner of the Egyptian expulsion from Syria, and the fresh start of 1841 (by which the five great Powers of Europe became parties to the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire) — was to put some stop to the mortal internal corruption that festered on the vitals of Turkey, even in a state of quiescence. Here the services of Lord Stratford — then Sir Stratford Canning — stand forward, with a brightness and a prominence that at once arrests in the most striking manner the attention of

the European historian. An active and intelligent Consular corps supplied him with the materials for his operations.— Whenever a Governor indulged in gross fanaticism or venality, — Lord Stratford knocked at the Sublime Porte with a sledge hammer power and vehemence until the Empire resounded again, and success was obtained. This vigorous policy was carried out against individual Turks, not in hostility to Turkey, — nor in order to build up a rayah interest for Britain in spite of her, — but as the only means of arriving at that realization of the projects of Sultan Mahmoud expressed in Abd-ul-Medjid's Hattisherif of Gulhane, in which lay the salvation of the whole machine.

Even those Viziers whose conduct was open to criticism began now to exercise their capacity for the general welfare. Riza Pasha, if less free from intolerant prejudice than Reschid Pasha — has an intellect of an organizing turn, and the reform of the military system and its division into corps d'armée of Constantinople, Roumelia, Anatolia and Arabistan, with the proper division of cavalry and artillery, is principally due to him. When we add the apprenticeship that the Ottoman armies have received under the genius of Omer Pasha in extirpating feudalism in those provinces where it had the deepest roots, it is no longer surprising that with their natural bravery the Turks should have performed so respectable a part in the late campaign.

Having myself resided in the Ottoman Empire several years after 1840, when the most formidable obstacles to the consolidation of the Empire were get quit of, — and having most recently had again ample opportunities of seeing both the modern civil and military system at work, it is impossible to withhold the expression of my sense of the

extraordinary improvement that has taken place in both spheres. — Jobbing and perquisites have not been extirpated, but the period of shameless wholesale dilapidation is at an end. When it exists, it is done with much circumlocution and the fear of detection and punishment — not in broad daylight and with utter indifference to public opinion as was the fashion in 1841-2-3. This elevation of a tribunal of public opinion, and the consciousness that the Ottoman character and institutions are on their trial before the civilized world is in itself a portentous fact from which I augur much benefit to Turkey.

As in every decaying state, the greatest abuses were identified with the private interests of the privileged classes. In the time of Mahmoud the chief cancer was that of rebellious Pashas, — under Abd-ul-Medjid, — the great body of the Ulema, their privileges and obstructions requiring decisive operation before the Ottoman Empire can be pronounced sound and healthy. — The Tariff reform carried out with signal ability by Reschid Pasha and Viscount Ponsonby, — and the separation of the military command, as well as the financial administration from the political power wielded by the Pashas — have, in spite of partial miscarriages, gradually settled down into a habit and system working after all much better than had ever been anticipated. The keys of the treasure chest and the immediate leading of the troops being in the hands of special functionaries, the possibility of any governor playing over again the game of a Pasvan Oglou or an Ali Tepelen was forever removed. But the Augean stable of legal and ecclesiastical abuse has still to be cleaned.

The great reform at present required in Turkey is to turn the whole of the *Vacouf* property into *mulk*, — that is

to turn the property entailed on mosques and untaxed into property held by individuals and taxable by the state. So very large a proportion of the landed property of Turkey escapes with a mere nominal taxation, that this state cannot be pronounced to be financially exhausted as long as she offers such a virgin field to a puzzled chancellor of the Ottoman Exchequer. Nor would the advantage be merely financial. — The property thus locked up in the mosques apparently for religious but really entailed for private purposes, would, after its disengagement from obligation to support the mosques and the Ulema, compel the State to pay salaries to his body. They would thus become servants of the State and more amenable to its power. If the independence of this Ecclesiastical Corporation were, as in some European states, a check on the despotism of the Civil Government, one would not propose the change. But it so happens that this body (in modern times destitute of erudition and activity) is really a drag on all the improving tendencies of the Government, and lends its momentum only to a retrograde and fanatical policy. — But good may come out of evil; out of the present decay of the Ottoman finances may spring reforms replete with vital sap for the coming generation, however beset they may be with discouraging difficulties for the present. More land too would come into the Market, and the *tourniquet* of this compound of lay and ecclesiastical liens being removed, the life's blood of economical existence would beat with a freer pulse.

A general civilization of the Turks in the European sense of the word I hold to be impossible. If the obstacles to reform are in the traditions and principles of the Ulema and not in the written word of the Koran — the indisposition

to science is in the Mongol race, and not in the Moslem religion. The Koran, if inferior to the New Testament in essentials — is equal to the works of the Stoic Philosophers in dogmatic morality, and immeasurably superior to them in fervour of eloquence and religious sentiment. The cause of the present discredit of Islamism is its hold on a Mongol race that is dominant over so large a territory, for the Arab period of self-government in Syria, Mesopotamia, Egypt and Andalusia, was distinguished by erudition, science and architecture. Fortunately for the Germanic and Romano-Celtic races, Christianity forestalled Islamism in the West of Europe. But if by some mysterious dispensation of Providence the Koran preceding the New Testament had taken possession of the higher races, it would then have been seen what a career for civilization would have resulted from the union.

In spite of this indisposition towards European science, education and civilization, on the part of the Turks, I hold that it would be unwise to disturb Ottoman supremacy, even if present treaties did not exist—for there is no race in the land fit to take their place.—Certainly not the Bulgarians, who are so numerous and who extend all through Macedonia and almost touch the gulf of Saloniki, — but are utterly deficient in the courage and capacity to carry on the business of an Empire. The Greeks are equally unfit to take the place of the Turks, — for they have a very feeble numerical basis in Turkey, except in Thessaly and Epirus, and even there have easily been put down; their rule moreover would be utterly unacceptable to the Slaavic population forming the great majority of Turkey in Europe.

As to most of the schemes for putting Christians and Moslems on a footing of equality, I hold them to be illu-

sory. Equality before the law must certainly be pushed through, not only nominally but virtually. But in the social and political sphere either Ottoman supremacy must remain or anarchy must ensue. Europe can make up exotically the science and material civilization which Turkey wants, but Europe cannot infuse into the good natured Bulgarian the confidence and energy required to rule a state or lead armies. Europe, even in the interests of Turkey, ought to give Greece a better boundary; but in the great moral quality of sincerity, the intelligent and mercantile Greek is certainly very far from being equal to the Turk.

As I write, victory entwines the laurel and the cypress around the brow of Britannia—and it is impossible to entertain any doubt that owing to the energy of Her Majesty's present Government, and that of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, as well as the rupture of intimate relations between Russia and Austria, the isolated pressure of Russia on Turkey is henceforth an utter impossibility, however the contest may be subsequently chequered, and that at a general pacification Turkey will have a fresh start under circumstances even more favorable than those of 1841. We may then anticipate a rapid development of her resources by European science and capital—railways connecting the metropolis with the provinces, and equality of Moslem and Christians before the law—no longer a theory, but carried into practice under the vigilant observation of the diplomatic and consular Agents of the European powers <sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> In taking leave of Turkey I feel bound to acknowledge the valuable instruction I derived from intercourse with Mr. Alison, Oriental Secretary to Her Majesty's Embassy, well known for his great attainments, his kindness of disposition, and rectitude of principles.

## CHAPTER XV.

### VIENNA.

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Having now recovered some strength, I embarked for Trieste in the Austrian steamer with an interesting variety of passengers, High Church and Low Church, sane and insane — Turcophile and Philhellene. One was the learned and pious Bishop of Malta and Gibraltar on a tour through his diocese, to which Constantinople and Trieste both belong. Another passenger was a French maniac but quite harmless. His face streaming with perspiration in the torrid heat of a Mediterranean Midsummer, and rolling his eyes like Bocage in a Boulevard melodrame, — he related how his father and mother had been frightfully murdered and how Providence had spared him for the express purpose of sending to the Emperor of China a sure plan for the suppression of the rebellion that is afflicting that part of the world. He whispered mysteriously to me that the whole art of diplomacy is to ask for blue when you want red. — “*Voulez-vous du bleu? demandez du rouge. Voulez-vous du rouge? demandez du bleu.*” We had also a popular dissenting preacher whose oily address, and pulpit intonation gave a pleasant zest to the breakfast table. One morning he asked us if he had the look of an Italian revolutionist, — but one gentleman declared that his rosy countenance was very



unlike the bilious complexion of those choleric innovators, and for myself I thought his aldermanly rotundity of contour savoured more of roastbeef and plum-pudding, than of meagre macaroni and olives.

“ Would you believe ”, said he, wiping his expansive brow with his handkerchief, and speaking with a clerical suavity of inflection that was delectable to hear, “ that I have lately come out of jail ? ”

We were all still incredulous, declaring that it was impossible, for he was most unlike a jail bird.

“ Perfectly true ”, said he;— “ I had a taste of a Neapolitan prison in consequence of a revolutionary cockade having been found in my writing desk. ”

This revolutionary emblem was straightway produced to the passengers amidst considerable laughter, and proved to be a two penny penwiper of red and blue cloth.

“ Well, Doctor, and what did you say to this serious charge? — what answer did you give? ”

“ The answer that a Briton ought to give. — I boldly avowed that I was a revolutionist, — on which the sbirro said: “ Aye, aye! I thought so, the truth is coming out.”— “ Yes ” — continued the gallant and reverend Doctor — “ I told him I was not the man to shrink from my profession, but that the only profession I practised, and the only revolution I contemplated, was to turn the thoughts of the sons and daughters of vanity to the kingdom to come; — but my appeals were vain — so I was sent off to Naples — a martyr, not to my colours, political or religious, but to those of my penwiper. — It soon appeared however that the police authorities of Naples were ashamed of their provincial subordinates, and here I am, as great a revolutionist as ever in the sense of my profession. ”

I took a glance at Vienna and Berlin on my way home, and saw the principal political persons in each capital, being anxious to have some idea of the condition of Austria and Prussia in relation to the Oriental crisis.

Arrived at the former capital I found some pleasant English people, conspicuous, among whom was our fellow-country-woman Mrs. Norton; for it must be confessed that the aristocracy of beauty and genius united in one person, with the impulses of a noble and generous nature, form a pluralism of not an every day order. If Corinne and Recamier rolled into one do not constitute the salt of the earth, what does? It was to the Paradies Garten that a choice spirit or two adjourned from her charming family circle, to enjoy the beauties of nature, the wide view of the suburbs, and the wooded slopes of the Kahlenberg; while the strains of distant music harmonized with the softening glow of a sunset in June and formed a symphony to delicious converse on art and poesy.

But the momentous military and political crisis also occupied the thoughts of those accomplished persons, and I could not avoid remembering that nearly fifty years before Madame de Stael had sat on this very bastion, enjoying the glorious material prospect, and with the moral eye looked through the spectacles of August Wilhelm Schlegel on the rapid and solid elevation of the literature of Germany simultaneously with the crumbling ruins of her political fortunes; for Gœthe and Schiller were the contemporaries of a Mack, and it was the lyre of the bard rather than the trumpet of the triumph that heralded the return of Germany to the consciousness of a national existence. But alas! the vain attempt to fill the tubs of Tantalus is the moral of the history of this restless lower world. After all the struggles

are ended — after nations meet in congress to partition Europe anew; after the victorious and the fortunate have entered on possession, and the conquered and curtailed have resigned themselves to their fate—the world, after a brief season, again awakes to the blast of the trumpet and the roll of the drum, and the once light hearted British or French subaltern who wooed the black eyes of Andalusia and slashed his way through the Peninsula, but now well up in years and the army list, must leave the flags of gay Pall Mall or the Boulevard des Italiens for the dangers of the Minieh rifle, and the discomforts of a bivouac.

But the immediate cause of all this sacrifice of blood and treasure certainly does stir on's bile, and I can only reiterate by my latest experiences in Hungary and in Vienna what I have repeatedly expressed in former works, that the activity and energy displayed by the Ultra-Magyar faction in Hungary in overthrowing the bonâ fide liberal and constitutional party in the Austrian Empire, has had no result but to play the game of Russia. With strict regard to the Oriental crisis, I look upon the Hungarian revolt as the most “untoward event” in the foreign relations of Britain since the battle of Navarino. But for the illegal attempt to transfer to a municipal legislature that military possession of Hungary which belonged solely to Imperial Austria by the treaties of Carlovitz and Passarovitz, Francis Joseph would have been free from all scruples of conscience towards Russia—his natural rival;—and instead of contenting himself with the bare evacuation of the Principalities by Russia, would now be in Bessarabia and pressing on the Dniester with 100,000 men. Nor was there any spirit of heroism or patriotism to redeem this rising, even a part, from all considerations of European interest on the lower Danube. This aggression

on the integrity of Austria took place, not during the absolutism that preceded 48— but after it had fallen to pieces; when the bonâ fide constitutional party was struggling to give Austria a liberal government with municipal and national developement, and when the Empire was paralysed by the Sardinian invasion. Those fatal concessions were granted by Bathyani to himself through the mouth-piece of the imbecile king Ferdinand in spite of every thing that the Austrian ministers could say to the contrary, and every warning as to the fatal results of changes which were not reforms but utter and total destruction of one of the great military powers of Europe. But the determination to crush the unfortunate nations of Hungary under the harrows of Ultra-Magyar tyranny made the minister deaf to all other considerations, and the Emperor Nicholas became the first potentate on the continent of Europe. This great Oriental crisis therefore began, not with the mission of Prince Menschikoff, but with the previous paralysis and subordination of Austria as a Danubian power. Every extra million of income tax that the Chancellor of the Exchequer wrings out of John Bull we owe to nothing but the fraudulent attempt to cancel the treaties of Carlovitz and Passarovitz and to break down the only efficient barrier to Russia on the Danube.

The present state of Hungary is in some respects satisfactory. The great reform demanded by the oppressed nations was the suppression of Ultra-Magyar supremacy. This, Austria has carried through with signal success and earned the gratitude of millions. There is something almost comical in an absolute power having been able to effect a liberal measure which the Gajs — the Kollars, and other liberal and constitutional heads of the oppressed na-

tions could not effect for themselves. This is not constitutional government, I am sorry to say — but of the two despotisms I hold that of Austria the more honest. There is no profession of oligarchical constitutional forms with the practice of grinding oppression of the people, through its medium.—It is a straight forward absolutism. It is simply saying this to the Hungarians : “ Austria, and not the Ultra-Magyar pauper noblesse, conquered Hungary from Turkey, and your attempt to abolish the military integrity of the Austrian Empire has had no other effect but to open the Principalities to Russia. Keep quiet and the neglected resources of this virgin country will be developed by science, industry and capital. If you revolt — woe betide you ! ”

The consequence of this trenchant style of speech and action is that a couple of hundred thousand pauper noblesse, partizans of Kossuth, are in the highest state of exasperation, and would, I have no doubt, fight for the ideas of this eloquent visionary. But it is certain that nine tenths of the large landed Magyar aristocracy would hold aloof. We may predicate the same of all the non-Magyar intelligence of Hungary, and I am sure I do not exaggerate when I say that millions of peasantry would rise as one man for the Emperor, grateful for the existence of a power that for the first time since the reign of the Emperor Joseph shields them from the jobbing and oppression of petty aristocracy.

Lombardy is a gangrenous limb of Austria, that no political prescription can make healthy. But Hungary is sound to bone and marrow. The Sardinians, by their speculations in Lombardy, have raised a moderate national debt to the sum of twenty-four millions sterling, or about the capital

of the Northwestern Railway, and there seems no appearance of their repeating that folly at present. But Lombardy is still a running sore; and whenever ambition may push the Sardinians to raise their national debt to thirty or forty millions sterling by another war with Austria, a formidable revolt in Lombardy is certain. Quite different is the case of Hungary, as I conclude by the most reliable information collected there, and I make bold to say that all the stories about “deep seated disaffection in Hungary,” “the Hungarians all ready to rise at a moment’s notice,” etc., etc., proceed not from the real titled and landed aristocracy or from the merchants, with their capital and their enterprize, or from the great bulk of the people with sinewy arms and simple hearts—but from the wrecks of the privileged classes; the jobbing county bureaucrat, the lawyer of the old regime who battered on the entrails of peasant and proprietor—the contractor for the fungus republic; the peasant pauper noble who looked down on the working man that had no patent of superiority but his industry and economy, and below whose level he has now fallen—in short that crowd of conceited idlers that without either the elegance or the civilization of the real Magyar Aristocrat, or the enterprize of the German and Slovack industrious classes, spent the precious time God has given to man between vapid declamation and long whist. The golden age of those coffee-house heroes was during the Kossuth bank-note shower. Whatever happens — whether Austria be increased or curtailed—one thing is certain that the people of Hungary will have nothing more to do with Ultra-Magyar supremacy, or with grasping insatiable indolent pauper aristocracy.

It is satisfactory to find that the most eminent British statesmen of both parties,—although strongly disapproving

and condemning the violence of the military re-*ac*tion that followed the suppression of the rebellion, yet fully comprehend—apart from temporary oscillations— the normal value of the Austrian alliance. Not only Lord Aberdeen,—the most illustrious of the liberal conservatives since the death of the Duke of Wellington, but Lord Palmerston,— the most brilliant indefatigable and experienced member of the whig party. Differing in form from Lord Aberdeen as regards Lombardy, the antecedents of Lord Palmerston appear to me to be substantially identical with those of the enlightened premier as regards Austria generally.—By his treaty of 1838 he laid,— conjointly with Prince Metternich, the foundation stone of the still more important treaty of 1841. During the revolutionary crisis the publication of the Blue Book on Hungary clearly shewed a recognition of the necessity of the military integrity of the Empire and therefore was a strong indirect condemnation of the Bathany scheme. In his two celebrated speeches on Hungary, there is not a syllable in approval or palliation of any of the peculiar features of the Ultra-Magyar despotism; and last of all, his recent explanations of his views with reference to Lombardy are a corroboration of the substance of the treaty of 1838, and of the opinion that the Danubian integrity of Austria is the only valid and practicable counterpoise to the pressure of Russia on the Ottoman Empire.

In short, the tide is flowing with Austria. Even Count Fiquelmont, who has been so busy in aiding our democrats to keep up a misunderstanding between the courts of Vienna and London, has actually written a pamphlet which shows a tendency towards the interests of Austria. We hope the “ paternal Government ” will overlook the bad company he has been keeping. It may now say with the

parent of the returned Prodigal: "For this my son was dead — and is alive again — he was lost and is found." (Luke XV. 24.)

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## CHAPTER XVI.

BERLIN.

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I have lived very little in Berlin ; but it certainly is redolent of art, science, and literature ; and whatever the judgment of posterity may be on the living king as a political character — that court will certainly be pronounced Augustan, which has been illustrated by an observation of nature like that of Humboldt, — the musical direction of a Spontini, — the sculpture of a Rauch and a Kis, — the dramatic powers of a Raupach, — the deep erudition of a Von Raumer — the intellectual activity of a Ranke — the accomplishments of a Waagen, who brings the light of large general powers and attainments to illuminate and vivify the most purely technical and antiquarian branches of his profession — and last — not least — the true power of a Kaulbach in whom the reflection of the philosophic historian and the sensibility of the poet are translated to the canvass with splendour, beauty and a daring comprehensiveness, that knows no obstacle that recoils from no difficulty.

The erudite historian Von Raumer. I found in good health, and dispensing on all hands the benefits of his



researches. Struck with the brilliant colours of the carpet of his drawing room, he informed me that it had been worked by a circle of Ladies to whom he had delivered a series of lectures on History. “That I can do,” said he, “for at my age I can attempt no new works, and content myself with correcting and completing my old ones.” He warmly sympathised with the truly European policy now pursued by France and England, — his deep middle age lore having never made him forget the major interests of the present crisis; and it is satisfactory to find that the clearest heads and the most solid judgments of the Prussian Court, Literature, and Diplomacy—not only the Bunsens—the Pourtales’—the Bonins and the Raumers, but even the Heir presumptive of the Crown, are clear for the opinion that the vigorous joint action of the four Powers is the only short and straight road to that European peace which the amiable and accomplished king so much desires.

Professor Ranke I congratulated on having just been made Councillor of State by the King; and it may well be believed that the historian of Servia had many questions to ask of the traveller in those parts, relative to the condition and prospects of the Christians of Turkey, — and the incomparable efforts made by our Ambassador during a long series of years to reconcile a humane policy to the Christians with those sovereign rights of the Porte, which are now an essential part of the public law of Europe. Nor are these explanations altogether unnecessary, for a certain part of the German press is far too ready to see in the British policy only a selfish support of an Oriental Power, that, for want of inherent strength, seeks to make herself formidable at home by the oppression of the rayah population.

From Lord Bloomfield, our minister in Berlin, I experienced a most kind and hospitable reception; and my conversations with him, as well as with Baron Manteuffel the Premier, and Count Pourtales, the head of the Anglo-French party, were instructive and interesting; and all assisted in throwing light on the crisis — but “least said, is soonest mended” — in the case of men occupying delicate positions. To Baron Manteuffel I presented letters for the first time, and found him of middle stature, slight in person, fair-haired, about 50 years of age, and with a penetrating eye and conversation that at once shew him to be a well-informed man of business. I was amused with an old General in the drawing room, adjoining the study of the Baron, who hearing I had come from Constantinople asked me “How are we to get the better of these English and French?” but when I informed him that that object formed no part of the plans of a subject of the Queen of England he looked caught and said abruptly: “*Was Teufel—Ein Engländer! da bin ich schön gefangen,*” and we both had a hearty laugh.

The sympathies of the Prussians generally are with the western Powers, but the action of public opinion is altogether ineffectual. At a summer theatre I heard a long song introduced into a comic piece which by a dark conceit made the king out to be an actor, and the Emperor Nicholas to occupy the prompter’s box; the moral being “*selbstständigkeit und kein souffleur*” a straightforward independent line of action was with very little disguise politely recommended to His Majesty, and every stanza rapturously applauded by the audience. The first impulse of the police was to forbid the song, which had far more to do with the complications of Europe than with those of the plot of the piece, but on second thoughts they took a more sound view

of the case, and that the most effectual way to give a great vogue to the song would be to forbid it. In spite of these little indications of popular feeling, the Russian party in the court and above all in the higher rank of the army has its own way; and the pressure of public opinion is quite inoperative for the same reason to which we may attribute the utter failure of Prussia to atchieve Constitutional liberty, which I found to be at the lowest ebb. Under all circumstances, the realization of the glorious form of Government which exist in Great Britain is a matter of great difficulty in Prussia. The misconduct of the Democrats has rendered it almost impossible, and has created for the Emperor Nicholas a power and an influence which Constitutional Britain cannot but find inconvenient.

My reasons for thinking that Constitutional Government is in a great measure uncongenial to Prussia are two-fold; first of all, a great proportion of the inhabitants of the Eastern division of Prussia are not Germans — but Germanised Slaves — I include not only Pomerania, etc., but even great part of the March of Brandenburg. In the whole range of history there is no instance of any Slaavic race possessing constitutional liberty; — and at Berlin I found the modern history of Prussia to be Slaavic rather than Saxon, — that is to say — either open revolt or the most abject servility.

In the second place, Prussia has not that other great British element, which, next to the phlegmatic persevering Saxon nationality, is the best basis of Constitutional Liberty,—a compactly cemented aristocracy of birth, wealth and intelligence, doing the work that is done on the Continent by armies, bureaucracies and police systems; in short, preserving the order indispensable to liberty by a

moral force compatible with its existence, instead of a physical force incompatible with it; for it is clear to me that the British Representative form of Government has exceedingly slender chances of existence in any state where a powerful aristocracy is wanting, and where a large army is at the command of the Sovereign. Constitutions may be drawn out on paper and on paper they seem destined to remain.

The whole of the developement of Prussia out of the loin of the old German Empire, from the great victory of the Great Elector, in the close of the XVII century down to 1815, has been autocratic and anti-aristocratic. The true founder of this monarchy was in my opinion neither the Conqueror of Fehrbellin nor Frederick the Great, but the semi-savage father of the latter prince, and the spirit of the system was contained in his memorable words — “ I establish the sovereignty like a rock of bronze, army and treasure are both created; my successor may throw away the mask when he chooses. ” It is true that Prussia has an old patenteed nobility, but not an aristocracy; for if we ask where is the moral and physical courage that would call the Crown to account for infringing the liberties of the people, — where is the traditional and social organization that interposes itself as a moral and civil bodyguard between the Crown and the assaults of democratic ambition, to these questions we could get no satisfactory answer, and we should vainly seek in the barrack, bureau and anti-chamber nobility of Prussia any set of men corresponding to the British Aristocracy, linked with the middle classes by matrimonial alliances, and sympathising with the people in their interests, but ready as one man to pulverise lawless democracy to infinitesimal atoms.

For these reasons constitutional liberty is a matter of excessive difficulty in Prussia, not from obstacles put by this man or that man, but from organic causes traceable all through her history *ab initio*. — These difficulties have been so unnecessarily increased by the democracy of 1848 that however much I regret the want of an effective action of sound and healthy public opinion upon the court through the great bulk of the wealthy and intelligent classes, I confess that I feel no surprise. In Prussia the army with the king at its head is, beyond all comparison, the first corporation in the realm. Every Civil chamber must be feeble and shadowy by its side.

Hence the inefficacy of public opinion in Prussia, however hostile to the aggressions of Russia upon Turkey, and however favorable to the principle of legitimacy for which France and England have drawn the sword.

Such is modern demagoguism. On the Spree, the servant of the Czar, — on the Danube the extinguisher of liberal and constitutional government, — and on the Thames the busybody actively engaged in sowing mistrust and hatred between Britain and her ancient and natural ally, whose intervention is of all things that which Russia is most anxious to obviate, and the Western Powers most interested to secure.

THE END.

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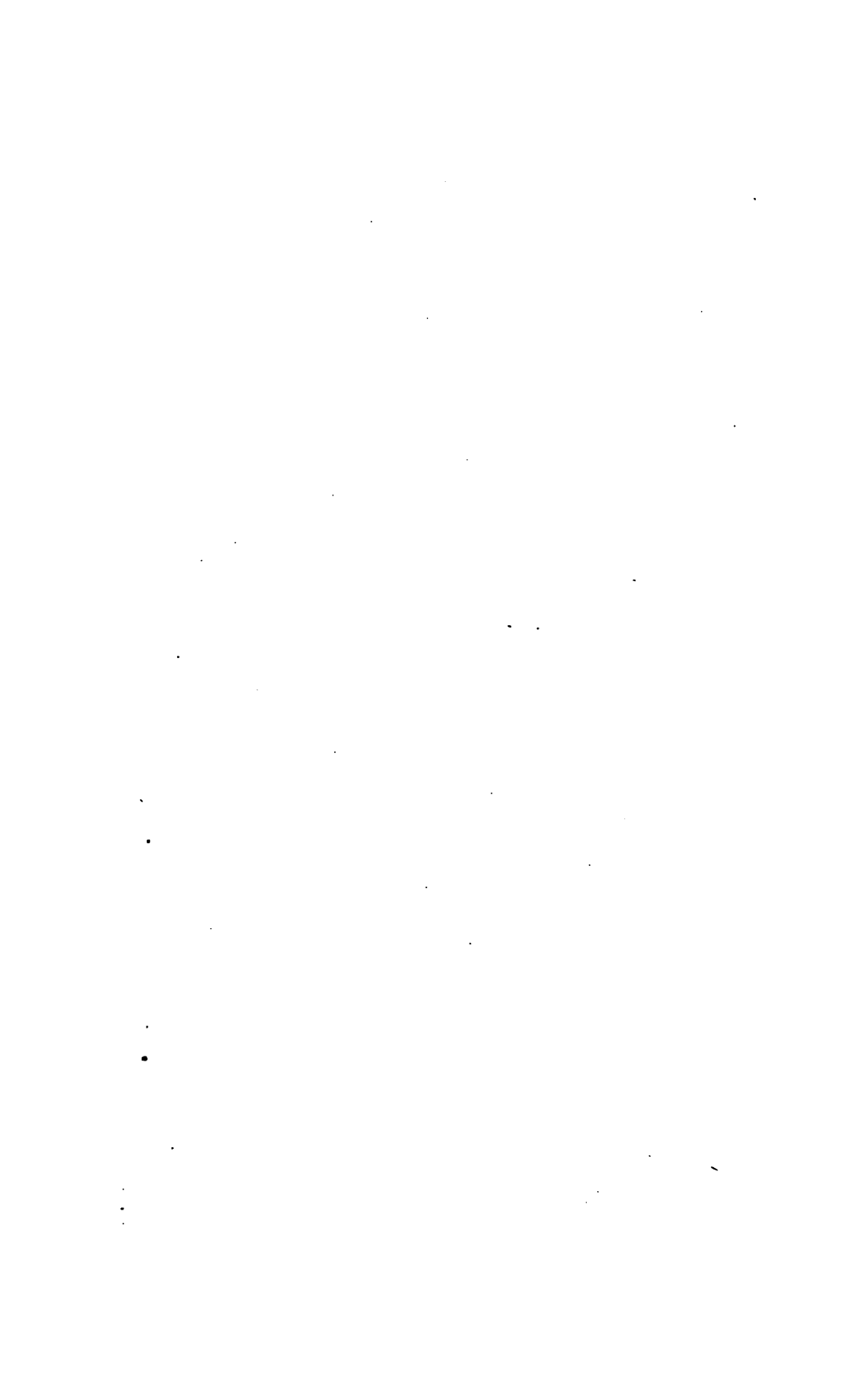
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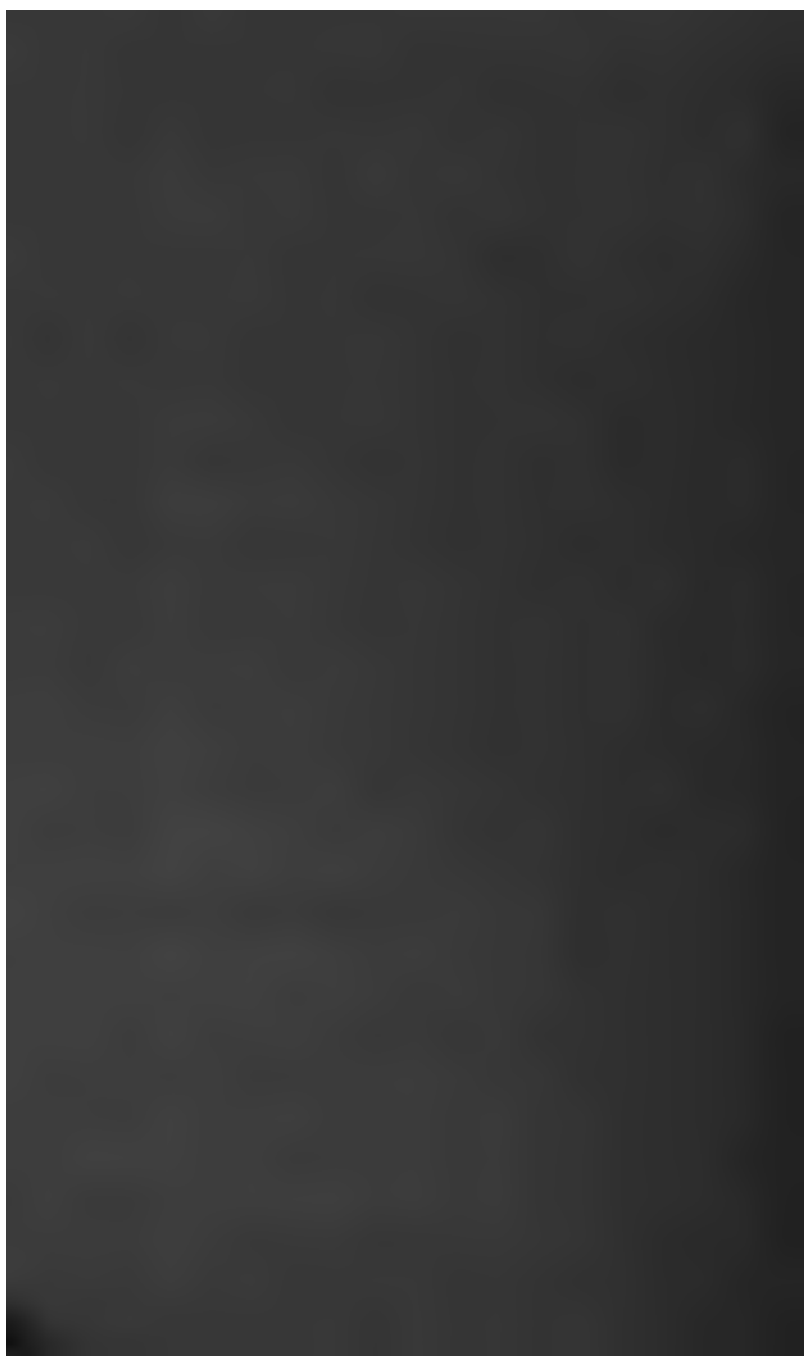
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